

# Catholic Digest

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# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Remember not my sins, O Lord, when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire. Direct, O Lord, my God, my way in Thy sight, when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire. Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on them, when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.

From Matins of All Souls Day.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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# Catholic Digest

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No. 1

## How To Prevent War With Russia

By EUGENE LYONS

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

Let's drag it out in the open

Until the close of the European phase of the war, those who mentioned the seamier side of Soviet policy were quickly subdued with standardized rebukes. They were accused of ingratitude in "attacking a heroic ally" and of "giving aid and comfort to Hitler."

Why the identical rebukes did not hold good for criticism of Britain and the U. S. (not to mention lesser allies like Poland) was never made clear. There were dual rules of allied etiquette, and that's all. The mystery was deepened by the fact that the very persons alarmed by any strictures on Russian behavior were most vigorous in lambasting British and American policies. Presumably Herr Hitler, heartgladdened by any American attacks on Russia, was plunged into sorrow by equivalent attacks on Churchill and our State Department.

Beneath the hush-hush on Russia was the grotesque assumption that Stalin, the supersensitive, might withdraw

from the war, might even join the nazis, if Americans, God forbid! ceased pretending that he was a democrat devoted to the Atlantic Charter. The theory was that unless Stalin received daily American editorial mush and softsoap he would refuse to play.

Only war hysteria could give such stupid assumptions the appearance of wisdom. Russia fought to save her own skin. There was, if anything, less chance of her withdrawing than of our doing so. After all, the decisive destruction of German power in Europe was of direct concern to Russia. Nothing said or left unsaid here could have the remotest effect on the Kremlin's line of action, plotted in clearheaded relation to the realities of Soviet interests and British-American power.

Though Germany has been finished off, America's hush-hush obsession on Russia has not been cured. The rebukes, merely revised, are in process of being standardized. It is not only per-

\**Union City, N. J. September, 1945.*

missible but almost obligatory to assail British conduct in Greece and Italy, French conduct in the Near East, American conduct anywhere. But to expose the ugly facts of Soviet terror in Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Austria is denounced as a provocation to war with Russia!

"So you want us to go to war with Russia?" This formula has become as commonplace, likewise as effective in squelching honest analysis and discussion of Russian policies, as the previous formula about "giving aid to Hitler."

Henry Wallace, Harold Ickes, and Archibald MacLeish have taken the lead in popularizing this formula. They inveigh against the "anti-Soviet propaganda," by which they mean any word of compassion for victims of Red terror in the liberated areas now held by the Red Army. Mr. Ickes is badly frightened by a "whispering campaign" intended to make us "suspicious and nervous" about Russian intentions. It does not occur to him that Russian procedure rather than such "whispers" account for the nervousness and growing suspicions. Neither does he realize that there would be no need for whispering in a democracy where free speech is guaranteed if discussion of Russian affairs were natural and uninhibited.

Dr. Max Lerner, in *Marshall Field's PM*, strikes out resolutely at "the irresponsibles" who dare question Stalin's conduct in Eastern and Central Europe. He refers specifically to William Henry Chamberlin and Norman Thomas, but his indictment covers all

infidels who criticize Holy Russia. They really want war with the Soviet Union, he declares, but lack the moral gumption to say so. He actually argues that those who show their disapproval of Russian highhanded actions, rather than the authors of such actions, will be to blame if trouble arises. On that basis, he and others who called attention to German behavior, not Hitler and his gang, were "the irresponsibles" who brought on war.

The specter of a Russo-American war will be used increasingly to silence honest discussion. It will be used increasingly to head off a firm American policy line in Europe and Asia where Soviet ambitions collide with American interests and moral susceptibilities. It is therefore of greatest importance to examine and exorcise this specter without delay.

Not even Ickes or Lerner believes the U. S. wishes to plunge into a third world war. They know we entered the first two with extreme reluctance, after long delays, as the culmination of long debate, as is the way of democracies. It took the ultimate provocation of Pearl Harbor to catapult us into the present war; and it was Germany who declared war on us, not the other way around.

Their jittery misgivings reflect a fear that Russia will take the initiative and attack the U. S. with or without a declaration of war, if we fail to accede uncritically to every Soviet unilateral decision.

That attitude is humiliating and defeatist. It impugns the good sense,

even the sanity, of Russian leaders by assuming they will resort to war should the Anglo-Saxon powers take a principled and courageous stand on any issue. It ignores the obvious fact that Russia needs a long period of peace to repair the ravages of this war and consolidate its vast new empire. For Moscow to provoke a new conflict would be frivolous, possibly suicidal.

The alarmists may relax. Stalin had made supreme efforts to stay out of the struggle. He appeased Hitler to the limit. He joined the fight only because the Germans invaded his country. Until the last moment he was neutral in the Far East. When he finally jumped in there, Japan was groggy and clearly doomed.

To suppose, in the light of this record, that he would willingly take on America and Britain for a finish fight, just after his country has been bled white, is to credit the Russian dictator with a bellicosity that defies common sense. For a long time, we may be sure, Russia will not go to war with us—not even if we promise American Lend-Lease for the purpose, an idea not beyond the logic of our Lerner and MacLeishes.

The gentry who wish us to swallow every Stalinist indignity will not even grant us the privilege of burping. Any sound of complaint, they warn, will "offend" Russia and presto! we'll be at war. They behave as if the U. S., in the hour of its triumph and supremacy, has been reduced to a third-rate power. To hear them warn us in tremulous voices against "provoking" Stalin,

against arousing his "suspicions of America," one would suppose they were citizens of Panama or Abyssinia, rather than public men in the richest, strongest, most unified nation on earth.

One would suppose, moreover, that we were sinners with an uneasy conscience in the domain of international affairs. But, have *we* sealed off, hermetically, any portion of the liberated territory and kept our allies from seeing what we do? Have *we* annexed areas belonging to respected allies? Have *we* taken machinery and other property (including property belonging to our allies) from liberated countries into our own? Have *we* killed, imprisoned, and exiled thousands of men and women in liberated Europe merely because they are opposed to American political ideas? Have *we* deported hundreds of thousands from Poland, Rumania, and other countries for forced labor in our country, without the consent of allies and before the reparations problem had been solved?

Yet such are some of the injustices perpetrated by Stalin. The curious, almost pathological, inferiority complex under which persons like Wallace and Ickes labor simply has no justification. We come to the halls of diplomacy with clean hands, seeking nothing. There is no excuse for whispering; whatever we need to say can be said aloud, for all to hear. The first essential for normal, healthy relations between the U. S. and Russia is a dignified, self-respecting approach to post-war problems.

We must begin by taking it for granted that neither of us want to get into a war. If we ever do, it will be because events have been allowed to drift into a blind alley from which there was no egress except by violence.

The question, therefore, is whether we are adopting a weak-kneed, fatalistic attitude toward the notion that Russia is "destined" to rule all of Europe and Asia, whether by evading a showdown from day to day we are not making inevitable a cumulative showdown at some future time.

In effect, we face the old, battered, but inescapable dilemma of appeasement. Messrs. Ickes and Wallace would be the first to acknowledge that a little firmness toward nazi Germany at an earlier stage, when the *Reichswehr* marched into the Rhineland, let us say, might have obviated the need for the ultimate in firmness a few years later.

I submit that the way to prevent war with Russia is to assert our rights and moral preferences now, when issues are still subject to compromise. When issues have been hardened into accomplished facts, it may be too late. For example, the threat of permanent Russian domination of Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and half of Germany is still amenable to negotiations. We possess enough leverage to make our viewpoints effective. That domination if unchallenged will become hardened into immense vested interests. It is more sensible to restrain an expanding power than to force it to retreat after the expansion.

Having fought two wars that grew

out of the territorial and political iniquities of Europe, we cannot pretend that a durable settlement of that continent's affairs is no concern of ours. A settlement which imposes puppet regimes, which shifts sovereignty over huge territories without consent of the inhabitants, which jams economic revolutions down unwilling throats with foreign bayonets, obviously piles up the explosive ingredients of war. In pretending not to notice, in sugarcoating such iniquities for our public opinion, we are not solving problems but are multiplying them. We are not heading off a war but guaranteeing one.

Russia is flushed with victory. She is in a mood for dynamic expansion. Her revolutionary hopes have been inflamed by the ease with which other nations have yielded. Russia has gobbled up three countries which technically are still among the United Nations: Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia. She has bitten off about 40% of Poland, the first of the United Nations and the one which, in relation to numbers, has sacrificed most for the common victory. Over the rest of truncated Poland she has imposed a puppet government. Russia has assumed sole control in vast liberated areas in Eastern and Central Europe in defiance of explicit agreements. Moreover, the direction of Soviet expansion in China, the Near East, and Turkey are already too obvious to be ignored.

Russia, in short, is probing the entire periphery of its sphere of domination, seeking out the soft spots. It will con-

tinue to expand in every direction, except where it meets solid resistance. Our insurance against war is in making the resistance manifest as quickly and in as many places as possible.

The Tito forces, acting for Russia, did meet such resistance at Trieste. Had that grab been permitted, another area of festering resentment and strife would have been perpetuated; another breeding place of war fertilized. An ounce of firmness there achieved what, in the future, might have required a pound of firmness and the risk of war. What is true of Trieste is true down the line.

War with Russia might well be the death agony of our civilization. Only men of perverted instincts would watch its advent without a shudder. It must and can be prevented. But drifting and self-delusion are not preventive. The disaster can be headed off only by asserting our strength, by leaving no margin for doubt that we abide by principles for which we poured out blood and substance.

To prevent war with Russia, it is essential that our government take the people into its confidence. To meet the challenge of the postwar period in Europe and Asia, it has need for a unified and enlightened public opinion at home. Without adequate public understanding and support, our diplomacy starts with a fatal handicap. It cannot use its full leverage in the dark. In his need to avoid another war, Stalin cannot afford to exasperate the American people too long or too crudely. But our government eliminates his

problem by not giving us all the facts.

How many Americans have a true picture of the slaughter of democratic and anti-communist elements in Eastern Europe and the Balkans? How many have a true conception of the sort of persons, ranging from communist stooges to outright pro-fascists, installed in the highest positions of authority in Bulgaria, Rumania, Poland, Hungary, and other places? And how many Americans know the character and magnitude of Moscow-sponsored propaganda unleashed in areas under Russia's control as well as in Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, Norway?

Our government does have this picture. By concealing it, American bargaining power *vis-a-vis* Russia has been needlessly reduced and in some cases nullified. Unhappily, Washington has been inclined to camouflage every appeasement of Russia as a spurious victory for America. For instance, our ignominious defeat on the Polish issue has been ballyhooed as a victory for Harry Hopkins and President Truman. It was nothing of the sort. Far from "broadening" the Lublin puppet outfit, the settlement narrowed it, in effect, by serving as a veil for the arrest and punishment of Poland's outstanding democratic leaders. In adding a few more hand-picked members to the government, the Kremlin increased the number of puppets without altering the character of the regime and without giving genuine representation to *democratic parties*.

Friendship between the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., ensuring peace between

them, will be a brittle myth if it continues to rest on appeasement and public ignorance. It will crack at the first test of pressure. To prevent war, our government need only utilize its real diplomatic power, in the open,

with the full backing of an informed democratic people. As long as it works in the dark, it will have to lead from weakness, not from strength, and will continue only to pile up the inflammable stuff of future wars.



### This Struck Me

*Dona Prouheze in Claudel's great play, The Satin Slipper,\* is on her journey from her husband to join another man. She says these words as she stops by a wayside shrine and puts her satin slipper into the Virgin's hand. She expresses the conflict set up between good and evil in every person, I suppose, at some time or other, or, perhaps, at many times.*

*Dona Prouheze.* Virgin, patron and mother of this house, keep me from being to this house whose door you guard, O mighty extern, a cause of corruption.

Keep me from being false to this name which you have given me to bear, and from ceasing to be honorable in the eyes of them that love me.

I cannot say that I understand this man whom you picked out for me, but you I understand, who are his mother and mine.

See, while there is yet time, holding my heart in one hand and my shoe in the other,

I give myself over to you! Virgin mother, I give you my shoe, Virgin mother; keep in your hand my luckless little foot!

I warn you that presently I shall see you no longer and that I am about to set everything going against you!

But when I try to rush on evil let it be with limping foot! The barrier that you have set up,

When I want to cross it, be it with a crippled wing!

I have done so much as I could; keep you my poor little shoe,

Keep it against your heart, tremendous Mother of mine!

\* (Sheed & Ward. \$3.50).

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions.

# GI Report from Germany

By a Private in the U. S. Army

Condensed from the *Progressive*\*

The morning after

I am writing this from Berlin on a German typewriter, just one of the many pieces of equipment that the American and the Russian troops have picked up. Civilian looting plus the Russians has left nothing of value. For the Germans it is now a question of survival; food is nearly gone, except for a little black bread and a few vegetables.

Oddly enough, most of the people are well dressed, but mostly with the clothing of those who are dead and who have fled. The smell of the dead still prevails.

Nothing has been more abstractly awful than the continuous destruction of Berlin. Brimstone and fire is a mild description. Perhaps the most important thing to be learned is that without basic, Christian principles, the whole of our society is doomed.

Another war, and there is enough living hatred for another, and what we have dealt out will be given back to us. The old business of our not bombing hospitals, etc., discount. In Berlin, "pattern bombing" was used; hospitals or anything in the way disappeared.

It is a first "principle" that once you begin kicking any individual you are on the way to kicking everybody; ultimately it becomes a philosophy. It seems so difficult to learn. All are susceptible to it, offhand; after so many

years of Army life we have produced a fertile class of so-called adults who are potentially as able to kick people around as the best of the German SS troops. A big statement, that; and it could not be proved, but the military life for most of the soldiers is a brutal lot.

Few understand that the only thing we have to offer the world is some food, much kindness, and some system of getting a little justice. Most soldiers, perhaps, started out with ideals, but they are crushed out in the military life; our military life has become here pretty much a life by rank, which means privilege. This is not the old hate of men for their officers; it goes beyond that. Democracy is thrown out the window and the antedated system, "the military way," prevails. It is everybody for himself.

The black market is flourishing; everyone who can is trying to get rich; it's very easy to make \$1,000 a week. A carton of cigarettes brings about \$200, a pound of coffee \$600. It is just the sort of thing the Germans did. Perhaps it would not be so bad, but food is auctioned off to the highest bidder! A candy bar brings only \$10, with a mother and father debating whether they can afford to keep the child alive. Women are working in the streets, old and young.

\*315 N. Carroll St., Madison, 3, Wis. Oct. 1, 1945.

The Russians have settled down to a pretty good job of administration, after carting away most of what was valuable in the city, after a period of rape and destruction. The one thing that they did was to protect the mothers and the children. All the Germans are witness to this.

The winter here will be horrible unless transportation is got going. It will be a replica of France last winter: every time you eat, some starving child will be watching you eat, hoping that there will be a crust of bread left; then waiting to reach in the garbage pail to take the food home.

The only thing that is good about this picture is that at home there is still the moral energy and strength to produce a solution. That is the advantage of being away from the nearness of war. No military man should be allowed to sit on, or make up, a board of peace; he has lost the viewpoint of Christian culture and he is a very rare man if he has not. Humility is one of the many things the Army doesn't tolerate. Most soldiers ultimately fall to the level of the system they are in.

The wreckage of material things and of individuals finally gets you down. It needs other men to put them together again. Where Europe will get them, I can't say, but they will be hard to find. From here it is pretty obvious that the question of fighting over who "gets it" is foolish. Economic justice seems simple after seeing things over here.

To devise a system in which a man has enough to eat can't be so difficult that you have to tear down the whole world to attain it. Some of our smart people who enjoy the use of power should live here for a week or two. Their opinion about privileged rank and justice would perhaps change.

Well, I'll be glad to get out of it as soon as possible. I hope to get a leave and go somewhere where life is more normal. Most people want only to hear of heroics. The truth is a bit too rough. The average guy is the average guy the world over. The bully is a bully no matter what he has on.

A German soldier trying to dig a garden with one arm is just as helpless as an American in the same situation.

### Odd Place

The library of the Rome synagogue, the location of hundreds of valuable ancient Hebrew manuscripts, has been reopened. Looted by the nazis during the German occupation, hundreds of the volumes had been carried away.

Eighty-year-old Rabbi David Panzieri disclosed, however, that 25 rare, hand-printed manuscripts with illuminated letters, some of them centuries old—the most highly prized part of the collection—had been saved; he had removed them to the house of a good friend. The looters had not thought to look for them in the home of a Catholic priest.

Thomas H. Korn.

# Christianity Comes to Europe

By JOSEPH HOLZNER

Going therefore . . . .

Condensed excerpt from a book\*

**One evening** Paul and his friends were standing on the seashore looking over to where Europe and Asia seemed to join hands; they were talking to Macedonian sailors as they saw the peaks of Samothrace's mountains floating in the golden mists of the setting sun. Paul felt himself torn by apostolic longing, as Gregory the Great later felt a longing when he saw the young English slaves in the streets of Rome.

The desires of the day became visions at night, and one night these longings took on a definite meaning during a vision in a dream. Over beyond the waters, above the mountains of Samothrace, Paul saw a Macedonian man, beckoning to him with outstretched arms and calling out to him: "Pass over into Macedonia, and help us." It was Europe calling for Christianity. Once a youth of 22 had come from Macedonia to bring the gifts of the West, the Greek language and Greek philosophy, to the Orient; now the West was spiritually bankrupt and it was calling desperately for the East's greatest gift.

The course of Western culture was changed by this vision. The next morning Paul told his friends of the vision, and they all agreed that it came from the Lord. As an educated Greek, Luke recalled the famous old dream of Aga-

memnon which Zeus had sent to deceive the King (*Iliad* 2, 1-75). As a Christian he knew that God did not deceive men, and "we sought to go into Macedonia, being assured that God had called us to preach the Gospel to them" (*Acts* 16:10).

"Pass over to us," he had said. It was not far; the passage could be made in two days, but spiritually and culturally it was very far indeed. The Jew felt comparatively close to the ways of Syria, Phrygia, and Galatia, but the culture of Rome was still far away. Paul would have to remake himself to become a Greek for the Greeks and still more to become a Roman to the Romans.

When Paul and his three companions landed in Macedonia it was Christianity's entrance into Europe. Once a brave and wholesome people lived here and not only became world famous through leadership of a young monarch but also in the plans of divine providence played an important role in preparing the way for the Gospel.

Of all ancient peoples, Macedonians were most like Romans, but since 167 B.C. the Romans had ruled the land, dividing it into four districts, Thessalonica and Philippi being the most important.

Even in the distance they saw the

\*Paul of Tarsus. 1945. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, 2, Mo. 486 pp. \$5.

Translated from the German by Frederic C. Eckhoff.

temple of Diana, perched somewhat precariously on a high cliff that jutted out over the water near the port city of Neapolis. On the pavement of the Church of St. Nicholas there, a circle marks the supposed spot where Paul and his companions landed. The travelers passed the city, climbing the heights on the celebrated Roman road, the Via Egnatia, and soon they were high in the coastal mountains of Pangaeus. When they reached the pass they looked down northward on a well-watered plain, and farther the hills around Philippi could be made out. It was a bucolic landscape from which may have come the inspiration for the ancient shepherd poetry. From these colorful fields of asphodel, legend had it that Proserpine was taken down to Hades to be the queen of the infernal regions.

This legend seemed to express the tragic atmosphere that lingered over the land of Hellas and accentuated the longing for the message of immortality and the resurrection that Paul and his companions brought with them. Down below, near the little river Gangas, Brutus and Cassius had fallen in battle against Mark Antony and Octavius for the freedom of Rome (42 B.C.). Here now were messengers of a new freedom, heralds of a new World Conqueror, who had achieved more for man's freedom without the sword than all other champions of freedom. Here on this battlefield had been hammered out the imperial crown for the house of Augustus. Therefore Augustus had raised up Philippi to be a Roman mili-

tary colony with the rights of the city of Rome and exemption from taxes.

The veterans living here considered themselves true Romans, and together with their deities (Minerva, Diana, Mercury, and Hercules) they had brought with them Roman speech and culture. They felt that they were in direct communication with Rome and its Jupiter Capitolinus because of the Roman road that crossed Macedonia from east to west and by way of Brundisium went to Rome. Thus Philippi had become a typical Roman provincial town, a miniature Rome with forum, theater, castle, and military wall. The people were proud of their franchise, and each year elected two mayors, like the two Roman consuls, whom they called *archontes* or strategists. When these officials went to the forum to hand down a sentence, they were preceded by two lictors carrying the bundle of rods and the executioner's ax.

Some of the original settlers still lived among these Roman colonists. King Philip had brought them to Philippi from Thrace and Macedonia to mine gold from the Pangaeus mountains. They had always been difficult—blunt, proud, sullen, loud, and always ready to join in some political disturbance. The women seemed to exercise considerable influence. If they could be won for the Gospel they would be a great help.

During his first days in Philippi, Paul studied his prospects. Soon it was the Sabbath. However, the town had no synagogue because not enough scribes lived here to permit the forma-

tion of a council. But the Jews did have a place of prayer, probably an enclosed grove, called a *proseuche*.

Luke knew his way about and led his companions through the city gate to the banks of the Gangas, and soon they came upon the place of prayer. They were agreeably surprised to find some Jewesses and God-fearing pagan women at their morning devotions. These women had little religious knowledge, but a lively and sincere interest made up for what they lacked. Paul gave his heart free rein to speak, and perhaps never did he have a more grateful audience. Among those women one stands out for her special interest in religion; she was well dressed, not a citizen of Philippi, but a stranger from Thyatira in Lydia, and for that reason was called Lydia. She was a wealthy businesswoman, who had probably taken over her deceased husband's trade in purple.

Lydia was one of those souls who might be said to be naturally Christian, and as soon as she heard of Jesus she knew that He was the way, the truth, and the life.

Lydia was a prudent woman, knowing the need for reflection. But in this instance she did not hesitate. She immediately decided to be baptized. Soon Lydia's influence had prevailed in her household, and they, too, were converted. Indeed, we might suppose that she became an apostle not only in her home but also in Thyatira. She became one of the pillars of the primitive Church; she was the maternal friend of the Apostle and of all the messen-

gers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Who would have thought the Gospel would make such a quiet and unassuming entrance into Europe? It did not come solemnly as before the philosophers on the Areopagus, nor dramatically as then on Cyprus before the statesman; it came in an idyllic scene, one summer morning when the sky was red in the East. When the Gospel came to Europe it spoke first to the women, because the men were not present, just as with the Samaritans it was a woman to whom Jesus spoke about the mystery of the kingdom of God. The women were the last ones to remain by the cross, and they were the first at the empty tomb. The Gospels tell a sad story of hypocrisy, hatred, persecution, calumny, treason, and cowardly flight, but these things are never told about women.

But one cannot pass over such noble men as Epaphroditus, whom Paul called his "brother, and fellow laborer, and fellow soldier," who looked him up when he was a prisoner in Rome and brought him gifts. Clement and many others also took their places beside the women, and served so faithfully that Paul declared that their "names are in the book of life." No other church was ever so dear to Paul as this Church of Philippi; it was his first love on European soil, his joy and his crown (Phil. 4:1).

The founding of the Church in Philippi is one of the most interesting and instructive episodes of the primitive Church. It is the foundation of a Christian Church in a community that was

overwhelmingly pagan, and we can observe the spiritual bankruptcy and intellectual helplessness of paganism. In a short time Paul and Silas had made a considerable number of converts in the city and soon they were gathering for services on the banks of the Gangas or in Lydia's house.

Once again, a woman set the Apostles on a different course, but this time it was not a prudent and understanding woman like Lydia; it was a highly hysterical girl, a spiritistic medium. Along the street the Apostles took to reach the place of prayer, to instruct converts, lived a young slave who was in close communication with the spirit world. She was said to have a pythonic spirit; she was a "pythia," one of those oracles that were under the protection of Apollo, who was the god of divination. The girl was also a ventriloquist, and in her seances she was able to speak in voices not at all like her own, hence supposed to be voices from the world of spirits. Such fortunetellers had great vogue at the time, and since she was a slave she brought a handsome income to her masters.

The girl herself deserved sympathy and protection, for, after all, she was not fighting the truth like Elymas or Cyprus. Paul commanded the devils in the name of Jesus to go out of the girl. The frozen expression of her features, the paralysis that had seized her soul seemed to dissolve; the girl felt the beneficent return of reason and her own free will. The sweet power of Christ entered her soul and the grace of the Holy Ghost filled her eyes with

grateful tears for her deliverer. She felt freed from some monstrous power, she returned to herself, and we can certainly suppose that she entered the service of Christ as did that possessed man whom Christ had freed, and as Mary Magdalen did after He had driven seven devils out of her.

Here Paul again had come into contact with that fearful power which tyrannized over the ancient world and which had become the sign and emblem of that world. The powers of hell were making war in the human sphere.

If that girl belonged to an association of priests who were thirsting for the profits of her trade, we may well suppose that now her owners would arouse the whole pagan population. Until now Paul's enemies had mostly been Jews, who attacked him when he endangered their religion; but the pagans fought him when he endangered their money. He would find that out later in Ephesus.

Fortunetelling was not protected by law, and the priests had to make some kind of political or national accusation. "These men," they decided to say, "disturb our city, being Jews; and preach a fashion which it is not lawful for us to receive nor observe, being Romans" (Acts 16:20 f.). The charge had a great deal of truth in it; Paul and Silas were really preaching a religion that would make important changes in the morals and customs of this Roman colony. True Christianity always does arouse people from their thoughtless lethargy and carelessness. Christianity is not a system of thought without

obligations; it is a program of life; even then in Philippi it may have come between man and wife, between parents and sons and daughters.

The praetors cannot be blamed for not keeping cool heads in the midst of the tumult that surrounded them; it was impossible to conduct an orderly hearing or to give the accused a chance to speak. Since the case concerned only two wandering Jews, the judge did not ask much about their status, but sentenced them summarily to be "beaten with rods." The metallic voice of the Roman officer went ringing down the hall, *Lictor, expedi virgas, ad verbera!* (Untie the rods, flog the prisoners!)

We wonder why Paul and Silas, as Roman citizens, made no objection. Perhaps it was that Paul claimed the rights of his citizenship only when it would profit the Gospel, and in this instance it might have been for the advancement of the Gospel to make this bloody sacrifice, for by this illegal procedure the authorities made themselves guilty of a grave crime according to the *Lex Valeria*. Now the authorities would be at Paul's mercy and he could demand consideration for his followers. And the next day the authorities were really alarmed.

Timothy and Luke, as mere helpers of the mission band, were not harmed; perhaps they were absent and learned of Paul's fate only later. But the suffering of Paul and Silas was not over. They were placed in a dark, evil-smelling cell, high on the mountain, dug into the rocky side. The prisoners' feet

were secured in wooden stocks; iron rings were fastened to their wrists and necks, and the rings were attached by means of chains to other rings fitted into the stone walls. The prisoners were forced to sit erect; their backs ached and burned from the open gashes and welts from the flogging. From other cells streamed curses, screams, groans, and unearthly yelling.

The guards, when relieved at the third watch of the night, seemed to hear a voice singing, a jubilant voice such as these desolate walls of Philippi had never heard before. The cursing died away, the brutal men in the cells paused to listen.

It was unbelievable that prisoners should be singing instead of howling, chanting pious hymns instead of mouthing curses. What kind of God is it that gives such endurance? These men must be the messengers of some new God; this is a melody that was never heard before. Yes, indeed, it is the melody that Christianity brought to the world. It is the melody of true joy sung by St. Francis of Assisi in his *Canticle of the Sun*.

Paul and Silas were confident. The Lord who freed Peter when he was in prison would not forget them. And just as the faithful were praying for Peter that night in the house of Mary, Mark's mother, so they were praying this night with Timothy and Luke in Lydia's house. Sometimes God makes the storm His messenger, or an angel, or fire, but this night an earthquake was the herald of His will. In the Mediterranean area and especially in

Macedonia and the Aegean islands, earthquakes were not unusual, but the coincidence of an earthquake with the Apostles' prayer was certainly an act of God's special providence. After the earthquake happened, everything else was quite natural. One who has had some knowledge of Turkish prisons wrote: "If you had ever seen a Turkish prison you would not be surprised to hear that the doors burst open. The doors to each cell were fastened by one bolt and when the earthquake came the doorposts fell apart, the bolts slid from the locks and the doors fell open. The chains and stocks were torn loose from the walls because clefts appeared in the shaken walls, letting the iron rings fall to the ground." Things have not changed a great deal in the Balkans even after 2,000 years.

We know the emotional reaction to an earthquake. At first people are as if paralyzed; they lie helpless, awaiting the next blow. Accepting the earthquake as an answer to their prayers, Paul and Silas stood up and went into the outer cell where the other prisoners were freeing one another from chains and stocks. The Apostles calmed them and urged them not to escape. Meanwhile, the prison warden came running from his house, and when he saw the gaping holes where the cells were, he thought all his prisoners had escaped. In true Roman style he preferred suicide to death by execution, which would have been the penalty for neglecting to guard the prisoners. As he drew his sword, he heard a voice calling to him from the darkness, "Do thy-

self no harm, for we all are here."

From the extreme of utter despair, the warden went to the other extreme of joy and gratitude toward the men who had saved his life. The other prisoners were again locked in their cells, while Paul and Silas were taken into the courtyard. In the eyes of the warden these two men were messengers of some great God, like the fortuneteller who shouted in the streets. Yesterday he noticed how they had courageously suffered the flogging without making an outcry, he had heard them singing hymns to their God, and now, that God had come to their aid. He shuddered to think of how he had put the ambassadors of such a great God in irons. If only he could belong to such a following!

Paul and Silas were not men who baptized without preparation of candidates. They adhered to a strict routine. If time pressed, they omitted a long dogmatic instruction, which could be supplied later. Above all things they asked utterly complete contrition of the soul, its complete unsettling, an unreserved willingness to surrender to grace, and the implicit faith of the naturally Christian soul. All that had happened during the night had done more to produce these effects than a long course of instruction. And without further ado, as the sun was rising, the warden's whole family was baptized at the fountain in the prison courtyard.

His wife was first to realize that the two prisoners had nothing to eat since the day before. She brought them into

her house, and prepared a bed for them. The warden himself reverently washed their wounds. Then they held a love banquet to celebrate their Baptism.

The town authorities were not left in ignorance of the events of the night; the earthquake had shaken the whole town; it had also unsettled their bad conscience about the sentence that had made a mockery of the Roman law. Early in the morning messengers came to the warden from the judges and said: "Let these men go." But this was the moment Paul had been waiting for; now he had the authorities in his power. Luke is clearly satisfied about the turn of events as he tells how his master checkmated the judges and how he suddenly hurled the fact of his Roman citizenship at their feet like a bomb. He could afford to be exigent now. He refused to leave the city without receiving the honors of the town and being solemnly escorted by the city fathers.

He was a disciple of Christ and he had shown that he knew how to bear dishonor and shame for Christ, but he also had the self-respect that kept him from submitting to treatment like a tramp. The lordly gentlemen hurried to him now and with all the magistrates and their friends stuttered their apologies and begged the Apostles to leave the city for the sake of peace, because there might be an uprising. Paul may have had some difficulty suppressing his amusement, but he remained master of the situation. By acceding to their request, he could put them under

obligations to himself. After all, it would always be to their interests that he keep silent about the whole affair. As Luke relates the details of the scene, we cannot help but notice that his Greek nature thoroughly enjoyed the comedy of the situation.

Paul and Silas were in no hurry to leave. First they permitted the magistrates to escort them to Lydia's house, where the faithful had gathered. Then Paul ordained presbyters and elders and gave directions for management of the Church. Luke, who had not been involved in the incident, remained to supervise the development of the new Church. We know he remained, because from this point until the 20th chapter he replaces "we" with "they." It may have been that Philippi was his second home and that he was practicing his profession here. Through Luke, Paul kept in touch with the brethren at Philippi. Philippi was the only Church he never had occasion to censure, and Philippi was also the only Church that was permitted to relieve Paul's poverty by an offering of money.

Whenever Paul recalled his stay in Philippi he seemed to remember also the ignominy he had suffered there. He wrote later to the neighboring Thessalonians: "But having suffered many things before and been shamefully treated (as you know) at Philippi." Such was Europe's first payment for the gift of the Gospel, but Paul's spirit could not be brought low by any feeling of resentment. On the contrary, like a mother, he loved that child most for which he had suffered most.

# Sam Tackles Summer School

By MARIE LAUCK

Heavenly days

Condensed from the *Grail*\*

"Can I, ma, huh, can I go?"

"May I, Sam. Just 'cause you ain't goin' to school no more, you don't need to forget that 'may I' the teacher done learnt you."

"Well, may I, ma, huh?"

"Look, Sam, you ain't no Catholic."

"But it's for everyone, ma. The Drowning Baptist Davises are going, and the Methodist Maloys, and—"

"It's for rich people, that West Baden Springs is; I know. Maybe it is close by, right here in Indiana, but it's a big fancy resort, with thousands of dollars spent on it, and you and those Davises and Maloys would mess up their fine halls and fancy lawns."

"Not any more it isn't, ma. It's a vacation school. It's just open for us in the summer. It's the only Catholic place in the county. It's at Spring Mill Park, over at West Baden."

"Sam, you're nearly a grown man, you are. And with no dad, it's time you took a shade more interest in the needs o' your home. You tend to your chores, an'—"

"Aw, mom, gee, I'll get up before dawn, honest I will. I'll work double hard. I'll do my chores then. Just try me, mom, will you?"

Mom unbent her back, shook suds from her hands. The soft brown eyes were not impatient, as Sam had expected. The furrowed brow was not

crossed by anger. Sam's toes unsquiggled all at once. He was aware of his splattered feet, straggling pant legs, bare and mud-slung chest, the too-long strands of wiry hair over his ears.

Ma's eyes pointed out these defects even as her voice struggled with another task. "Sam," spoke the husky, large tones, heavy, overlaid as though with winter moss, "Sam, I ain't wantin' to keep you from that school. But ain't you forgettin' the troubles you had? Won't it be easier to go along and not yearn for these things? They're for the white boys, Sam."

There wasn't much more to say. Seemed Sam and ma both knew it. Sam was half way down the hill to the creek with his bucket when ma again bent over the tub. Tears fell into the soapsuds but salt water doesn't hurt washings. Night came; and silence.

Squeeeeee, plunk! Squeeeeee, plunk! Ma jumped to her feet. Had she overslept? No, it was scarcely dawn. Was that Sam at the pump at this hour?

"What you doing, making all that racket, Sam?"

"Why, ma, it's the 4th of July."

"Sam Sprockett, I'll lam you, big as you are, if that's your idea of fireworks celebratin'!"

Sam looked a little sheepish when ma had dressed and stalked out to the

\*St. Meinrad, Ind. September, 1945.

washhouse. His hair was snipped close, brushed dark against his skull. His shining face reflected the bright white shirt and duck pants he wore. His toes still squiggled dust, but they were clean toes.

"I done every chore I could think of, ma. There won't be anything else till noon, an'—an'—aw, mom, that summer school is out at noon today. It starts this morning. I'll try it, ma. Just this one day, huh? You said I was almost a man, ma. I ought to be able to take lots of things like a man. I can try."

When the orange bus stopped for him, Sam nearly lost his nerve. He took a step backward instead of forward. The smiling driver poked his head down. "There's only one school like this in the whole country," the driver grinned; "you sure can't be waiting for any other bus, are you, son?" Sam got on.

Boys and girls were exchanging names, and before long Sam realized nobody had snubbed him or even so much as tromped on one of his big bare feet.

Then the whole bus seemed to inhale in one big, general gasp. They were almost there now and the most splendid building Sam had ever seen rose before him. The grounds looked like dad's tales sounded when Sam was a boy. Dad knew all about the Golden Gates and St. Peter, and heaven. It was a good thing he did, for dad died young.

One of the other kids was talking, a freckle-faced girl with braids, and

two teeth out in front. She'd been here before. "West Baden!" she paused for effect. "That over there's the biggest dome in the world. A mechanical mir-a-cle made of glass. The steel ribs are ac-tually on rollers."

"Why?" a boy wanted to know.

"That's easy. Glass and steel get big and little with the weather like the pond freezing in winter and melting in summer."

"Contraction and expansion," the driver helped.

"I know all about it. My dad used to work there years back," boasted a small Colored boy, teeth gleaming with a great grin. Sam backed away a little, looking around fearfully. The other boys' and girls' heads had turned toward the little Colored boy. But, gee, their eyes were wide with interest. Their smiles pictured that of the boy's, broad and equally bright. Nobody told the little boy that what he knew didn't matter or it couldn't be right anyhow, or his father couldn't have been more than a waiter working for tips or a shoe-shine fellow or a porter.

"If you laid the glass in that dome end to end, it would be nearly three miles long and 16 inches wide, a regular sidewalk of glass!" Everyone looked at the dome again. Everyone gasped again.

Sam looked at the glass, too. His eyes were a little misty and he didn't exactly see the glass. His shoulders were a bit straighter and he did not scrunch back into the seat as he had at first. The other Colored boy continued to grin and chat: "This is the

most fireproofest place in the world because the owner got burned out in 1901 and after that he made a fireproof eighth wonder of the world."

There was another lad of dark hue fairly itching to talk. At last he shrilled, "My dad says the dome is the safest thing for a roof, too. It is fixed so if 18 inches of wet snow could cover it on top all over, six times that 18 inches couldn't break that glass dome!"

The silent moment was disturbed by a little girl's giggle. "Wouldn't it make a swell slide, though?" Everybody laughed out loud. Then they arrived.

They boiled out of the bus. A bunch of kids ran toward a chapel. Those were the Catholics. They went to Mass and Holy Communion each morning when they came.

Sam hung back against the bus. A man in black came up and wanted to know if Sam had ever heard of St. Joseph corn. Sam told him about the corn on his back lot. They came to a room where little kids were playing house.

"That's good conduct in action," the man in black explained. "You'll want to come along with the older fellows. We've a good Christian-conduct project today. Think you'll be interested."

After Christian conduct, Sam found himself pounced upon by two ball teams as a highly desirable player. They played till they were tired. Sam's long legs did not fail his teammates' size-up, either. It was wonderful.

Classes included Bible stories. Sam's dead dad seemed close at his elbow,

first time since Sam was a small, silent shadow hovering by dad's bed. Noon. Sam rode back home and dashed from the bus to tell ma of the day's doings. The chores for the rest of the afternoon flew past to the rhythm of remembered phrases. He would get every part of the day's stories into place so ma could enjoy them right at supper. The funny stories were best. Those Jesuits could make a good joke to explain even serious lessons.

The songs he'd learned made ma's eyes sparkle. Her head kept time. Ma smiled more. Sam heard ma humming one of the tunes at the washboard one day after that, and his soul fluttered with content.

The day of the first summer-school picnic, Sam's Christian conduct was skipped. He watched the Catholics troop off to chapel while the Christian-conduct group started ahead for the wooded hills. Sam's feet seemed to pull him along behind the Catholic kids. Nobody said anything to him one way or the other.

Sam had thought West Baden gorgeous. Here in the chapel nothing was much different from the splendors of the rest of this fairyland. Yet here, all at once, Sam smelled a new fragrance. Sam visioned an all-over peace. A little bell tinkled and the children stilled. Sam tried to train his eyes on the very air. For surely angels must be hovering overhead, to change these kids, funny and laughing outside, into such hushed and saintly creatures.

The month of vacation summer school was over too soon. Ma de-

murred about coming to Spring Mill Park. But when she came, the Jesuits shook hands with her, and told her Sam was a "brain." How ma's eyes lit up! Sam wondered why he never realized before that his ma was such a fine-looking woman. Her back was straight today. No washboards on the day Sam got a commencement prize!

Sam was nearly first in line because he was tall. He stood proud and poised.

The Jesuits had asked him to be sure to come back.

"You mean any time, Father? I don't have to wait for next summer's vacation school to come again?"

"Gosh," the Jesuit exclaimed, just like one of the boys, "We're neighbors. Good neighbors, I hope!"

Sam looked around him as they lined up and stood at attention before the flag. His prize was in his fist. He got to pick it out himself, a white

rosary that looked like the milky way against his dark calloused hand. He knew how to pray it, too.

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands. . . ."

Sam's eyes strayed. He couldn't help it. He could see over the 100 heads of kids, the freckled, braid-headed girl, the small Negro lad who knew all about West Baden, the white-faced little girl who was sickly, the brawny farm boys' shoulders hulked over the tanned little towheads. He could see the handsome Jesuits, straight and genial. He could see his ma's shining eyes beyond the flag. There were tears going down ma's dark-hued cheeks. Sam didn't realize his own eyes were brimming. He wasn't crying. He was just realizing:

"... one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."



## Last Chance

Men since the beginning of time have sought peace. Various methods through the ages have attempted to devise an international process to prevent or settle disputes between nations.

Military alliance, balances of power, leagues of nations—all in turn failed, leaving the only path to be by way of the crucible of war. The utter destructiveness of war now blots out this alternative. We have had our last chance. If we do not now devise some greater and more equitable system, Armageddon will be at our door.

The problem basically is theological and involves a spiritual recrudescence and improvement of human character that will synchronize with our almost matchless advance in science, art, literature and all material and cultural developments of the past 2,000 years. It must be of the spirit, if we are to save the flesh.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur on the U.S.S. *Missouri* quoted in the *Progressive* (17 Sept. '45).

# A Wartime Comedy

By S-1/c C. C. VAN LEER, JR.

Jokers wild

When the Japanese crushed Manila, one American priest merrily defied them, had them often in an uproar, until he stood almost alone as a bulwark of American resistance. By January, 1942, practically every U. S. citizen in Manila was helpless behind the walls of Santo Tomas prison. Yet one of the best-known Americans in the Philippines, Father John F. Hurley of the Jesuits, brazenly walked the streets of Manila until 1944!

The Japanese knew that his Jesuits were a nerve center of guerilla activity, yet, when all other religious organizations in Manila had been forced to quarter Japanese soldiers for 18 long months, there still wasn't a one inside Father Hurley's college.

You might say that the New York-born priest withstood the enemy forces with weapons no more formidable than a towel, a bottle of medicine, and his own magnificent bluffing. When I heard how he fooled and laughed at the much-feared Japanese military police, the story sounded just too good to pass up.

One hot afternoon I was hitchhiking by jeep through the wide Manila streets to find Father Hurley. We rode down an avenue littered with money, as worthless as Japan's dreams of empire, past the blackened rubble of once-fine buildings.

Father Hurley shook hands cordially. "Yes," he admitted, with a smile,

perhaps he *had* played a few tricks. "Let's take our chairs to the window; it's cooler," he suggested.

As we did, he looked remarkably fit, in contrast to many thin, saddened Americans liberated from Santo Tomas. He could have passed for a successful business man of 50, though he must have been older. The top of his head was bald; his eyes sparkled behind plain silver-rimmed glasses.

Like a mischievous boy, he could hardly wait to begin. "We really had the Japs bewildered," he chuckled, in a voice as freshly American as if he had come from the States only yesterday. He had grown up in New York City, had been graduated from Fordham in 1914. He came to Manila in 1921, and has lived in the Philippines since, except for five years of further study in the States.

"In 1941," he said, "one of my jobs was to run the Manila Athenaeum, a college which has educated the cream of young Filipinos for many years." He told me proudly that José Rizal, the George Washington of the Philippines, had been graduated from the Athenaeum before 1900.

When the U. S. decided to take over property of hostile aliens, before the war, High Commissioner Francis B. Sayre assured Hurley that his Jesuits would not be molested, since he was an American citizen. "But that's not the point!" the priest protested to

Sayre. "A Spaniard heads the Dominican Order now, but he's just the temporary servant of the Dominicans. He doesn't own them! And that applies to missions run by Germans and Italians. Next year, Americans might be running them." As a result, Sayre agreed not to take over any religious organizations, and Father had saved Protestants as well as Catholics.

This gave Father Hurley a prime talking point when the Japanese entered Manila. On Jan. 6, 1942, enemy officers came to demand his college. They lined up all his padres and took their names. The padres must come to Santo Tomas prison "just for three days," to register.

The American felt certain his Jesuits would never come back from the "registering." As he saw them standing by their luggage, ready for a truck to take them to Santo Tomas, Father Hurley decided he must fight. More than 400 of the poor depended upon him for food. Some had children only a few weeks old. And his Filipino guerillas must not lose their nerve center in Manila, from which they might carry intelligence back into the mountains.

So Father Hurley faced the officer. "I must forbid my priests to leave the college. I have no authority to permit them to live anywhere else!" He firmly insisted his case be taken before the Japanese colonel in charge of religious propaganda. He won, and was told that a board of six officers would call upon him at 8 o'clock next morning.

The Father shook his head, holding his hands together as a sign that he

would be at his prayers at 8. "Nine o'clock!" he insisted. After they had been arguing back and forth for some minutes, "Eight!" "No, 9!" The priest suggested 8:30. "All right!" the Japanese blurted with a suddenness that surprised him. Taking advantage of the delay, he had his padres unpack.

When six officers faced him next morning, they had already lost face over the time of the meeting. Father Hurley told them impressively that the Americans had taken over no church property, not even that run by Germans. They could readily examine bank accounts to verify this. He felt certain the Japanese would be just as fair.

Taken aback, the Japanese officers were shamed into saying that of course they were. He then followed up by quoting international law on religious properties, with such precision that the officers left to reconsider his case. Not a word was said about taking his padres.

The next day, the officers came back with an interpreter, to insist that in spite of all the nice points of law, they must have the Athenaeum. When the Father insisted that he had no power to turn it over to them, the interpreter exclaimed, "Officers say, they can 'capture' your building." "Of course," said Father Hurley, pretending to be greatly shocked. He had believed that a Japanese officer was a gentleman, and far above making lawless threats.

At once, the officers insisted that the interpreter had mistaken them; they hadn't made any threat. With the con-

querors now "on the run," Father Hurley launched into a discussion of the delicate points of Church law, with such a deft misuse of words that the meeting broke down completely. By now, it looked as though the distracted Japanese had given up all idea of imprisoning the Jesuit padres. In fact, they had to return next morning with a Japanese Catholic priest, Father Gregorio Tsukamoto, who would understand the fine points of ecclesiastical law.

As the two priests faced each other to battle for the college, the American discovered with delight that they could not understand each other in any language but Latin. He could not hold back a chuckle, when he realized that they would be matching wits, for high stakes, in a language supposed to be dead for centuries.

Insisting that he had "*non auctoritas sufficiens*" (not enough authority) to surrender the college to them, the American finally had to admit that he was the Jesuit "No. 1 man" in the Philippines. But to give up the college, he insisted, he must have permission *in writing*, "*ex Roma*."

At this bold bluff, the Japanese officers sucked in air through their teeth, as they did whenever greatly perplexed. (Father gave a laughable imitation, with all the sound effects.)

Again the six officers filed out, taking their own cleric, whom the American wasn't sure he could trust, but who, with his understanding and kindly help later, was to cushion many a severe order. Next morning they re-

turned, offering Father Hurley the University of the Philippines—which they would quietly pilfer from the Philippine government—in exchange for his Athenaeum. In answer, the Jesuit boldly quoted from the Geneva agreements, that public-welfare institutions of a defeated government are not to be confiscated by the victor. (He had read all the international law on church and public-welfare institutions before the Japanese struck.)

But what stunned the officers was Father Hurley's sharp insistence that he couldn't accept the University of the Philippines without written permission from the Pope. To the imperialist officers, who always seized what they wanted, the idea of refusing a gift seemed incredible. The irrepressible Father laughed. "By now," he said, "they were wondering what kind of a bloke I was."

Later that week the Nipponese must have collected their wits, for they came back to announce that in spite of all, they would be forced to quarter troops in the college. To resist seemed hopeless, but Father Hurley insisted that the officers take dinner with him. He was fighting desperately for time in which to think of any bluff he hadn't used.

He *must* keep his college, from which he could smuggle guerilla padres and students out of town. "Under cover of night?" I asked. "No indeed," Father Hurley exclaimed. "We took them down the streets of Manila in our horse-drawn carts, in broad daylight. The Japs must never have imagined

that we would drive guerillas down the main streets, in plain sight, for they never challenged us. I wish I knew how many Filipinos we encouraged in underground work and how many lives we saved."

While Father was racking his brain for some new bluff, the phone rang. It was a German friend (an anti-nazi) calling him for the latest news on the seizure. Talking rapidly so that the enemy couldn't understand, the American admitted he had run out of ideas; the game was up.

Putting down the receiver, he turned to the officers, explaining tersely that "the German told me I was not to surrender the Athenaeum." Surprisingly enough, the officers accepted this explanation, and bowed out.

As soon as they were out, two Jesuit Filipino padres rushed up in dismay. "When the Japanese investigate, Father, they will find that you deceived them!" "Well," shrugged Father Hurley wearily, "we were lost, anyway."

Next morning, when the colonel in charge of religious propaganda approached, the American was actually trembling. "Fahder Hahri," he began (he couldn't pronounce an "r"); "we understand. We not taking your college."

The American had to catch himself quickly, to say a calm "Thank you." Not a priest went into Santo Tomas, and until July, 1943, not a soldier was quartered in the Athenaeum.

Laughing as he told how his reckless bluff had won, Father Hurley could only guess why. The Japanese were

trying to win favor with the Pope, and had just sent an ambassador to the Vatican; yet they took over all the other Catholic institutions in Manila, so that couldn't explain why Father Hurley's college survived. Certainly the Japanese hadn't made the slightest inquiry about the advising German. Perhaps they feared that questions would reveal an ignorance of what they should know and they would lose face.

Having beaten the Nipponese on the confiscation, Father Hurley now demanded permission to withdraw all of the 11,000 pesos the Jesuits had in Manila banks, instead of the 500 permitted him under the regulations. He showed the Japanese colonel the poor folk he must feed, and appealed to the Japanese "chivalry." Besides, he suggested, "Wouldn't it make a rare piece of propaganda, to be able to say that the Japanese had been kind to the Catholic poor?" To the astonishment of everyone, he eventually withdrew every peso.

Father Hurley had learned to station two padres downstairs in the college, to intercept police. They were to learn what the police were really after, and bring word to his study upstairs. One day when two policemen came in, Father sent down word that he was too busy to see them. After half an hour, his padres rushed back, exclaiming that they were getting very angry at being kept waiting so long.

"Well, we *can't* let them come up, while they're *very* angry!" he told his priests. When a full 45 minutes had

passed, Father Hurley sent word that he was now ready for his callers, but found that they had vanished—insulted at his treatment. The very same incident repeated itself soon. Perhaps they were so concerned over being humiliated that they disregarded the business on which they had come—to learn where a certain guerilla lived.

This luck couldn't hold out forever. So in February, 1942, he hit upon an ingenious scheme.

He moved a bed into his study. Close by, he kept a towel, a medicine bottle, and a spoon. When he heard enemy voices below, he would pop into bed with more speed than dignity—clap the towel around his head, arrange his medicine, and ask his visitors to come up. They never did. Not one policeman in a year and a half dared venture into his "sickroom."

The Japanese seemed remarkably afraid of disease. The mere mention of dysentery, for instance, was enough to keep one at a safe distance. "Of course, there was some truth in my being sick," the Father explained, mischievously. "Under the strain of enemy occupation, I did have migraine headaches a good part of the time. You don't think I would resort to trickery?"

The frustrated police, although furious, didn't dare for months to go into Father Hurley's study. One day, a Japanese officer burst in and *did* catch him downstairs. Accusing him of sheltering a notorious guerilla, the officer brandished his sword within six inches of the priest's stomach, demanding to

be told where the Filipino was hiding.

Father Hurley stood his ground, and the two glared at each other. "I wasn't conscious of fear," he told me. "I was making a strange calculation. When he pulled his sword out of me, he would have to brace himself, and right then I would kick him hard in the stomach."

But the officer put away his sword, and struck Father Hurley a heavy blow across the face with his gloved fist. The priest, still athletic, ducked two more blows and caught them on his shoulder. Reviling the Father in Japanese, the officer now had a headsman practice a dozen "beheading" strokes in front of him. The headsman swung his long two-handed sword viciously to show what he would suffer if he didn't tell where the guerilla was.

Father Hurley couldn't move, but he got one of his padres to phone the Japanese propaganda colonel. Luckily, the call went through fast. In a moment the colonel was calling back, to speak to the officer threatening Father Hurley. There was a long discussion, and then the junior officer came back into the room. An interpreter addressed the American.

"Officer will shake hands with Fahder Hahri, if Fahder will not press complaint." Vastly relieved, the priest pretended to be as angry as a man can, whose life has just been spared. He finally shook hands.

During the dark days of enemy occupation, many Filipinos came to him, sorely troubled by the overwhelming

Japanese victories. The priest was active in the Philippine Red Cross, as well as the Jesuits, and was the one American left to whom they could turn.

They were anxious to see the U. S. beat Japan, but how could they be certain? "There's not the slightest doubt that we'll whip the Japs," Father Hurley would tell them. "Do you remember our Athenaeum basketball team, that broke all records?" (Basketball, he explained, is as important as football back in the States.) "Our team was always trailing at the half, wasn't it?" Yes, all of them remembered the famous team that never failed to come from behind. And they would leave, encouraged.

There's no telling how many Filipinos, many of them Athenaeum graduates, were encouraged by the lone American who stood as confident as the Rock of Gibraltar.

"Wait till you've heard this!" exclaimed Father Hurley, as he now thought of another scene. One day in 1942, the police wished to ask him about a guerilla padre, but he was "sick" as usual. They didn't dare come near him, so police headquarters called him, wrathfully. After getting nothing but polite confusion, they said they'd need to call him back.

"Fahder Hahri," they demanded, "you give phone number!" "You phone number, yes!" the priest began, courteously misunderstanding. In a moment he was giving the police *their own number* in his most gracious manner.

While his padres gasped, Father Hurley kept giving the police headquarters number for fully 15 minutes. His priests kept whispering, "Be careful, Father!" Finally, the Japanese brought to their end of the phone an interpreter who spoke perfect English. His bluff called, the Jesuit gave his Athenaeum number, which the police could have found in the telephone book, anyway.

"Didn't you have any pity on the Japs?" I couldn't help asking. "Oh, I wasn't just plaguing them; much as I enjoyed that. I was trying hard to wear them down, and distract them from trailing my padre."

"Once I had to smuggle some books on international law to the Americans in Santo Tomas prison," Father Hurley went on. "Even though I was a Red Cross official, I wasn't allowed to enter there. I enlisted the help of a Manila doctor of Japanese birth. I knew him well. Although he wasn't anti-Japanese, he was willing to do that much. Together, we drove into the prison gate in broad daylight, and weren't questioned. Altogether, I smuggled myself into Santo Tomas three times."

"Once I got word that a priest was dying in a hospital that had belonged to our Navy. Actually, the sick priest was forbidden to communicate with anyone on the outside, but he managed to smuggle out a message that he wanted me to come, to administer the last rites. I got hold of the Japanese propaganda colonel, but even with his help it was no small matter to get a

pass. I finally got to the dying man's bedside in time."

Next morning the colonel telephoned. He seemed a little perturbed. During the night, it had dawned upon him that Father Hurley couldn't have known, according to regulations, that the priest was dying. "Fahder Hahri," the colonel insisted, "who told you?" "My own padre took the message and told me," came the answer. And Father Hurley was off again, in a cloud of bewildering language, which soared into Latin as he went on.

During those months, German nuns from across Manila often came to the Athenaeum, to get away from noisy soldiers quartered in their own buildings. "How peaceful it seems," they would say.

Yet this quiet ended in July, 1943, when the Japanese finally took a part of the college for their troops. But even to the last day of enemy rule, the Jesuits kept a large part of the Athenaeum, and carried on their work.

Even after the soldiers came, Father Hurley traveled freely until early in 1944. Then he was imprisoned in Santo Tomas, for no more charges than they'd had against him for two years past. He was made an orderly in the prison hospital.

"In one way," he went on, "Santo Tomas was easier than when I was free. At least, the fear of being arrested no longer haunted me.

"In the matter of food, though, we went from bad to worse. Our rations were cut to less than one-third of a pound of rice a day. This was mixed

with a lot of water, to make a soupy *lugao*."

"Didn't you get anything else? Even seaweed?" I asked.

"Not a thing but the rice," said he. "I lost 47 pounds."

One dull day followed another, for the sick prisoners. Yet even a lightweight Father could bring humor. In the role of a "bedpan Johnny," he made the most of the comic possibilities.

Though his new profession might be humble, it was hardly inconspicuous. When he performed, it was always in full sight of all. In fact, the whole ward came to look forward to his public exhibitions of skill, because a smile and a friendly story usually came along with them.

One day the prisoners saw what was probably his top performance. He was ministering to a bishop, when a patient called across the ward, "Father Hurley, this is the height of tolerance. A Jesuit Father Superior giving an enema to a Protestant bishop!" "Do you mean that the Bishop is tolerating my enema well?" the priest came back. For a moment, the grimness of Santo Tomas melted into laughter.

There was excitement soon in the prison over stories of American forces landing on Luzon, and approaching Manila. Almost before the prisoners could hear the sounds of battle, Americans had sprinted in to free them.

On liberation, Father Hurley learned the fate of his college. In the fighting around it, many Filipinos sought shelter in it, hoping that they would

be safe, but shells smashed it badly, and killed many.

Father Hurley took a post at Consolacion College in Manila, until the Athenaeum could be rebuilt. As I interviewed him there, word came that Father must leave. I thanked him. "You spoke vividly," I said.

"Oh, I used to be a newsman once," Father Hurley chuckled, pleased to

fling one more surprise, before I left.

"It will be a long time before I forget this afternoon," I told him; and I meant it. It wasn't just that he had fought the Japanese; it was his magnificent bluffing.

And it was more—for while Japanese terror beat so many into grimness, Father Hurley had managed to chuckle through.



## A Great Modern Poet

A flame in the embers

By WILL LISSNER

Condensed from the *Catholic Messenger*\*

Of late I had been coming to the opinion that contemporary verse that came my way was shoddy stuff, not to be compared with what men like Francis Thompson and Carl Sandburg had turned out. Invalided in Hanover, N. H., last spring, I made the acquaintance of Robert Frost; or rather, I had the personality of the gray Vermont poet thrust upon me when he, in a hotel-lobby conversation with an obscure tutor of political science, distracted me from my newspaper by delivering an *obiter dictum* to the effect, "That is my point; there is no absolute truth, all truth is relative."

It was curious to encounter a poet who, ignoring the recurring theme of love, dealt with such a monumental

theme as the philosophical meaning of truth, even though he handled it in so nihilistic a fashion. Accordingly, that night my wife and I passed up the local movie and went to hear Mr. Frost give a poetry reading from a new book of verse, which I think he called "The Masque of Reason." It was to be followed by another, "The Masque of Justice," or perhaps it was the other way about; the matter is too trivial to bother about. For while Mr. Frost's reading was spirited and delightful, his humor gracious and rollicking as the hills of his adopted Vermont, his ideas turned out to be a mechanical reflection of the moral nihilism now rooted in non-Catholic colleges. Great poetry has never come from the aping

\*Davenport, Iowa. Sept. 13, 1943.

of ideas that happen to be fashionable.

Returning home, I read through Ludwig Lewisohn's anthology of contemporary verse. I became convinced of the shoddiness of most contemporary verse.

I was aware that some excellent and many promising poets were associated with the Catholic Poetry Society of America and its magazine, *Spirit*, chiefly because a diocesan editor of my acquaintance has enough interest in our culture to find space in his crowded paper for the weekly offering of that group. I was aware, too, that verse well worth noticing appears in poetry corners of magazines like *The Sign* and *America* and the *Commonweal*, corners where poets are making a last stand; but the lot are a minority compared with the vast majority of Frosts, Millays and MacLeishes.

Having formed the conviction that most contemporary verse was shoddy stuff, I made the mistake of broaching it one night while at dinner with Clifford J. Laube, a newspaperman who devotes his leisure to poetry and poetry publishing, and Neil MacNeil, a newspaperman who dedicates his free time to authorship. When MacNeil supported my position, Laube sprang to the defense of the contemporary poets, of whom he is one—and, in his book *Craggs*, a notable one.

"What great poets have come out of this war, poets like Kilmer and Seeger?" we demanded.

"Pratt," he said. "E. J. Pratt. Read him; you'll see." To make sure that we did he left for us the next day the vol-

ume of Pratt's *Collected Poems* (270 pp., New York, Alfred A. Knopf, \$3), published earlier this year. And I wish to record here and now that I, at least, did see.

Indeed, in reading Mr. Pratt's lines, I lost interest in the subject of his stature as a war poet, which is by no means inconsiderable, as his "Dunkirk" shows, and became excited over the discovery of a great poet. In "Brébeuf and His Brethren," first published in 1940, he produced an epic poem that captured the high adventure of winning souls for Christ, about which Francis Thompson hinted so mystically. This work, in several thousand lines of blank verse that delight eye and ear, tells the heroic tale of the life and death of Père Brébeuf, who came as a missionary to the woods of Canada out of Quebec in the 17th century when

*The winds of God were blowing over  
France,  
Kindling the hearts and altars, chang-  
ing vows  
Of rote into an alphabet of flame.*

In stirring verse that even children will appreciate if read at the fireside, he recounts the martyrdom of Père Brébeuf and his Jesuit band, whom even the hostility of savages and the wild fastnesses could not deter in their quest for souls.

Coleman Rosenberger, the critic, has called this epic poem "Mr. Pratt's most successful creation of character, and his first work upon a specifically Canadian subject." Calling Mr. Pratt "a ma-

jor poet," Mr. Rosenberger declares: "In vigor and subtlety, in the extent and originality of his poetic achievement, he is the first of contemporary Canadian poets and one of the ablest poets writing in English today."

This poem, which seemed to me to dramatize the struggle of Christian culture with paganism as few poems ever have, made me want to know more about the author. I discovered that though little known in the U. S., he is Canada's best-known poet. What astounded me, though, was that he is a Methodist clergyman; here was another Willa Cather, writing a *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. A Newfoundlander born in 1883, he taught in a country school and held a country pastorate for a time in his native land. Then he sold patent medicine to get a stake and matriculated at the University of Toronto at 24. He remained there, eventually becoming professor of English. And in the last 20 years he has been turning out verse

now preserved in the current collection.

But here I must return to my original theme, though I have to eat some of the words. Great poetry is being written today, but not enough of it. We are living in stirring times, when the culture that has made western civilization great is locked in a death struggle with the culture that threatens to destroy that civilization. Surely, in the events of our day there are ample themes for great poetry of the kind the masses will read and sing, and it is up to Mr. Laube and his associates in the Catholic Poetry Society to turn it out. One poet like Edwin John Pratt will end an argument; but it will not fill the need. Mr. Pratt has shown that great poetry can be written in our day upon themes that will live; that if one plugs at the job hard enough he can get readers (like me, you will say) to appreciate his work. We have a right, a divine right, you might say, to better fare than we can find in the sprightly but deathly lyrics of Mr. Robert Frost.



## Yellow

A young submarine sailor from the Pacific said about the Black Market: The mistake was to call it the Black Market. That doesn't mean a thing. What it should have been called from the start was the Traitors' Market. If the newspapers had always referred to it in that way, if the publicity and the columnists thus labeled it and the general public had been educated to think of it as the Traitors' Market, it would have gone out of business overnight. Americans aren't worried about patronizing a Black, Blue, or Black and Blue Market. But they wouldn't want to have dealings with a market for traitors.

From the column *Along the Way* by Daniel A. Lord, S.J., (NCWC) 25 Aug. '45.

# Soviet Millionaires

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

Raven at the feast

Condensed from his column\*

Many a person will chuckle grimly as he reads that the palatial home of J. P. Morgan at Glen Cove, on Long Island, has been leased by the Soviet government as an entertainment and recreation center for members of the Soviet purchasing committee in this country.

Many a commentator will find occasion for ironic remarks about the style of living to which bureaucrats of the purported proletarian paradise have become accustomed. Many an American diplomatic, consular, or commercial representative in foreign parts will ruefully contrast his penury with the opulence of his Soviet counterparts.

But there is nothing shocking in this news. It is only the naïve, those who close their eyes to facts and believe propaganda, who will be surprised.

It has long been clear that Stalin and his functionaries live very well. All the wealth of Russia is at the command of the dictator and he avails himself of it at will. In a nation where private property theoretically is no more, the top man has numerous lavish estates; those in prominent positions have others. It is the same with clothes, cars, fine foods, servants, and a hundred luxuries in countries with a standard of living incomparably higher than that of the U. S. S. R.

The masses live in squalor and want.

Their homes are wretched, their clothes scanty and sleazy, their fare meager. They work long hours for little pay. Their labor unions are government-controlled. In striking contrast is the fabulous plenty of the new aristocracy, the bureaucrats. It is unlikely that the Romanoffs ever had as much as do those self-righteous enemies of privilege, those pious advocates of absolute equality.

To thoughtful Americans there was something sickening about the Kremlin banquets, of which we heard so much during war. Either the authorities made a whopping mistake about the intelligence of Americans or were callous as to the impression they were creating. While their country was under torture by the enemy, while the masses were plunged in misery, while hunger was universal and starvation common in war-blanketed Europe, we got columns and columns of print about gargantuan meals of countless courses, served to dignitaries in Moscow, Teheran, Yalta. Marie Antoinette was never more cynically indifferent to the contrast between the masses and their masters than the masters of the Russians in the collectivist age. The manipulators of collectivism are masters and milkers of the people.

In this, Hitler and Stalin are almost indistinguishable. The newly discover-

\*The Sifting Floor. In the Catholic Transcript, Hartford, Conn. Sept. 6, 1945.

ed records in Germany show that Hitler, so ostentatiously simple in dress, had a yearly income running into millions of dollars. To his followers he was depicted as selfless, without possessions, detached from material things, and concerned only about the welfare of the people. But while he destroyed their economy, bled them with taxes and exactions of a dozen different kinds, took their property and gave it to the state, he was at the same time rapaciously building a towering fortune for himself.

When critics of collectivist systems (or anarchies) point out the harm to the individual, it is always blithely answered that you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs, the implication being that the omelet will be shared equally by all. But the actuality is nothing like that. The eggs are broken, the omelet made, but most of it goes to a few members of the inner circle, with the multitude getting only the eggshells.

The robber barons of irresponsible capitalism had a contempt for the masses. They set no limit to their own money-making, recognized no law restraining them, refused to be hampered by any consideration for others. Their crimes gave collectivism a golden opportunity. The latter could go to the people with horrified commentaries on the ways of exploiters and with promises to change the intolerable conditions that gave such men opportunity to exploit the masses.

Once in power, they did indeed eliminate competition, expropriate the

wealthy and the middle class, and execute or exile the chief offenders against social justice. But they themselves stepped right into the vacant places. The people had merely exchanged masters, with this difference: previously they had some redress from the state; now they had none.

I hope all this does not sound like an echo of the spurious profundities mouthed currently by Daddy Warbucks in that insufferable comic strip. Warbucks admits he is a robber baron, a law unto himself; his utterances are an apology for hog-wild individualism as bald as his head. He, like the collectivists, would have you believe there is no middle ground between the disorders for which they stand. Choose, they say, between exclusive alternatives.

But we do not have to choose between the two. There is economic democracy, which Warbucks and collectivists ignore. We have all the makings, and some of the finished product, here in America. We can provide security for all, without eliminating the liberty of any: but only if we work at it, only if understanding and good will obtain, only if justice is respected and greed exorcised. Now when the age of unparalleled American power is beginning, we should resolve to make it also an age of unparalleled American unity and equity. The rest of the world looks to us, wondering whether it must go down the dark, dreadful road of collectivism. We can show it that it does not have to do so, giving it an example of economic democracy at its best.

# Interviewing Pius XII

By HENRY J. TAYLOR

The man in plain white

Condensed from *Redbook*\*

**Regularly** as sunset, so punctually you could set the clock by his movements, one of the most interesting men in Europe crosses the lawn from his Vatican office and visits Pope Pius XII in his apartments. This engagement, commonplace to the Vatican staff but scarcely known in the outside world, is always at 8 P.M. It is the moment for the Pope's daily relaxation through an exchange of views with his devoted friend Enrico Pietro Galeazzi.

Signor Galeazzi is a layman, chief architect to the Holy See. His responsibilities and contributions to the remarkable excavation research under St. Peter's make him generally regarded as the foremost Italian in his profession, a profession in which Italians have been among the leaders of the world for centuries.

I met Signor Galeazzi at a dinner the American ambassador, Alexander C. Kirk, gave at our embassy. I presented Archbishop Spellman's letter of introduction to Signor Galeazzi at once. Signor Galeazzi's resulting co-operation was the key to the Pope's acceptance of my application for the journalistic audience.

With appointments canceled by his illness, formal activity and all ceremony were absent from the Pope's Vatican apartments on the day arranged. There were no Swiss Guards, stand-

ing at attention with halberds and long serpentine swords. The chamberlains, papal gendarmes, palatine officers, and various monsignors, usually on hand even for private audiences, had been withdrawn from the succession of rooms in the Raphael wing. The halls were vacant.

I was escorted from the small private elevator to the second floor by Signor Galeazzi. At the end of the entrance corridor he delivered me to the care of Msgr. Federico Callori, papal chamberlain, who showed me to the door of the Pope's library. I entered alone and without introduction, and I remained alone with His Holiness throughout this visit.

The Pope's desk is set close against the wall on the right of the door from which you enter. This location gives His Holiness the benefit of the light on his left from the three undraped windows facing the warm sun of St. Peter's Square. But the effect is a little bewildering from the threshold. Looking ahead, the library seems empty.

When I was halfway across the floor, wondering whether the Pope might be waiting in some room beyond, His Holiness looked up and saw me. He smiled, spoke a word of greeting from behind me, and rescued me from going farther. "Sit down," he said, motioning me toward him and to a chair,

\* 230 Park Ave., New York City. September, 1945.

"and we will have our talk here."

Dressed in plain white robes, wearing as insignia only a small papal ring, and a pectoral cross, which he fingered in his hand, Pope Pius XII strikes you at once by his humility and simplicity. As you talk with him, you find the same qualities in his manner, expressions, hopes and fears, and in his approach to any question of theology, international politics, economics or public welfare. His views on the state of the world and of each nation are distilled from information streaming to him from perhaps more diversified sources than to any other man alive. But his opinions are given modestly, and always in a framework of great deference for the moral needs of mankind.

The Pope's voice is soft, toneful. His English comes with reasonable ease, although not fluently, and when you use an English word which is not familiar to him, he does not let it pass. He smiles, asks you to repeat, and suggests it is his fault, not yours, that your meaning is not clear.

He speaks quietly, sits quietly, when he speaks, hardly gesticulating at all except for an occasional moving of his hands before his face, as though to free his thoughts, draw out his words. His whole attitude is helpful; he makes you feel he would like to agree with your answer to any question, if he could.

He is frank and revealing in discussion, speaking without hesitancy or evasion on matters of public interest which involve the Holy See in world

problems, asking only that his views be not repeated regarding anything which might be misunderstood. I have interviewed many world leaders. I have never met a more trusting personage than Pius XII.

The Pope, now 69, was born Eugenio Maria Giuseppe Giovanni Pacelli. He is a Roman, the first Pope born in Rome in more than 200 years. The Pacellis were members of what is called the "Black" nobility, families granted titles by the Pope, not the King. The Pope's father, Filippo Pacelli, and his grandfather had served the Vatican in various capacities since 1851.

Eugenio, even as a child, showed profoundly religious tendencies, and although, at his father's request, he studied law in a lay school, he always expressed the wish to be a priest. The young Eugenio entered Capranica College, a Roman seminary, in 1894. He continued his work in theology at Gregorian University, was graduated and ordained priest on April 2, 1899. His first official relationship with the Vatican came in February, 1901, when Msgr. Pietro Gasparri, chief of one section of the Papal Secretariat of State, invited him to join his office in the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. His immediate superior was Msgr. Giacomo della Chiesa, then Undersecretary of the Congregation. The Monsignor later became Pope Benedict XV.

At the beginning of the first World War, and because of the new Pope's familiarity with Pacelli's devotions and

talents, the younger man was given increased responsibilities. Benedict XV sent him abroad to England three times and on various missions throughout Europe.

Secretary of State Gasparri resigned in 1930, and Pius XI appointed Cardinal Pacelli to succeed him. In this office he visited the U. S., Canada and South America, and toured Europe. The election of a papal Secretary of State to become Pope is, with one other exception, unique in Church history. The earlier exception was Hildebrand, the monk, Secretary to Pope Alexander II. Hildebrand became Pope Gregory VII in 1073. The Secretary of State is, as a rule, the only Cardinal who resides at the Vatican. This office is vacant today, the Pope acting as his own Secretary of State through the medium of an acting secretary.

Cardinal Pacelli's coronation took place in St. Peter's on March 12, 1939. He is now in the sixth year of his reign.

In the moral area, when the Pope expressed a particularly impressive summary of his spiritual purposes, I asked him if he would pause a moment and confirm my understanding of what he had just said, for I wished to include it in my dispatch. He said that, instead, he would compose his words more formally by writing them himself, that he would have them ready that evening. This he did in his own hand, along with a special war message to the American people. A Vatican messenger delivered the Pope's manuscript to me at my hotel at exactly the hour His Holiness said it

would be ready for me to read and send:

"We are happy in our purpose to devote all the energies of our heart and mind, to spend ourself day and night, in striving to bring alleviation to suffering humanity, and to lead all men to God humbly and unreservedly, in whose all-holy will alone the world can find stability, security and peace. It is this loving solicitude for man and man's best interests that imposes on us the duty we are not shrinking, of proclaiming the truth, and of pointing out error, from whatever quarter it raises its proud head, to whatsoever goal it would promise to bring its unhappy votaries."

Answering an inquiry about his health, for his illness at the moment was widely reported in world news and the cause of alarm, the Pope said he had had influenza, but no touch of pneumonia. Against his will, he had canceled his audiences at the Vatican doctor's orders. He had been receiving each day, nevertheless, various officials of the Secretariat of State.

In the Church and the international life of the Vatican, these officials, little known in the world, have great influence. They represent the operational command of the immense organization. It is estimated that one out of every seven persons in the world is a Catholic. The official *Catholic Directory* lists the number as over 375 million.

The Holy See, in the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, holds spiritual power over all Roman Catholics, of course,

but he exercises temporal power only over the Vatican City State. The Pope's government is centralized in an elaborate variety of groups at the Vatican. The first and most important group is the 12 Sacred Congregations, presided over by Cardinals.

In directing these groups or in receiving reports from them, the Pope's own tasks of administration are immense, and these affairs crowd his spiritual life. He lives under relentless pressure for decisions and actions.

The Pope awakes each morning at 6:30. He shaves himself with an electric razor, bought in the U. S. during his visit in 1936. In Church functions the number of his ceremonial retainers is nearly limitless. But he has only one personal servant, Giovanni Stefanori, a gray-haired old Italian who has been his valet since the Pope was Secretary of State. In contrast to the magnificence of St. Peter's and the Vatican as a whole, the Pope's living quarters are bare and Spartan. His bedroom, reminding you that it is in the Vatican only because it has two windows facing St. Peter's Square, is furnished with a plain brass bed, a common dresser, a rough mahogany desk. There is one small mirror, the only mirror in the Pope's apartments.

The Pope's dining room, which adjoins the bedroom, has only an ordinary walnut table and two sideboards. Stefanori also serves his meals. Invariably, and by Vatican custom, the Pope eats alone. He eats sparingly, coffee, a roll and a glass of milk for breakfast, a light lunch, a light evening meal.

He pays little attention to his food. His solitary mealtimes are largely periods of meditation. Pope Pius XII now has in his dining room, however, two regular guests, canary birds Stefanori lets out of a cage as soon as the Pope is seated. They fly around at random, chirp and sing on the window sill, come when the Pope calls them by name, light on his shoulder, or eat their own meal from two small saucers at his elbow.

The Pope says Mass in his private chapel at 7:30. By 8:30 he is at work at the large walnut desk in his library. There he sees his administrators, reads news bulletins prepared for him from all over the world, and receives churchmen and laymen in a schedule he maintains with great punctuality.

Papal audiences end not later than 1 P.M. Then the Pope receives a list of recommended requests for private audiences and decides on future engagements. Papal general audiences, held in groups, take place each Wednesday morning at 10. After bestowing his blessing, the Pope makes it a custom to walk among the crowd, talks with as many persons as he can, loses all semblance of aloofness. This touch of the village priest is strong in Pope Pius XII as he stands among hundreds who wish to touch his tunic or obtain a special blessing.

"I talk with as many visiting soldiers of all faiths as I can in these audiences," the Pope said, "and I only wish I could talk with more." Among our military leaders, he referred in an especially complimentary manner to Gen.

Joseph T. McNarney, American commander in the Mediterranean theater.

His Holiness spoke of General Eisenhower, who is not a Catholic, and praised his character. When I mentioned that I was to see General Eisenhower soon after leaving Rome, the Pope picked up a rosary on his desk, blessed it in a prayer for the Allied leader, and invited me to give it to him as a token of personal esteem. I delivered the Pope's gift to General Eisenhower a few weeks later at Reims.

This is a message to the American people which Pope Pius composed for me: "With paternal affection we send our blessing to the people of the United States of America, as a token of our deep sympathy with those from whom the war has asked and will still ask the heavy sacrifices of loved and cherished dear ones; and as a pledge of our prayer for all, that with peace God may grant them also faith and courage and charity in solving their problems of the future, and in safeguarding and defending those inalienable rights that

an all-wise and loving Creator has granted to every man and every people."

His Holiness has his solitary lunch promptly at 1:30. He follows this with a short rest in his bedroom. In the late afternoon he breaks his work by an hour's walk in the Vatican garden, a habit followed through many years and first urged on him as a youth by Cardinal Gasparri when his frail constitution showed early signs of being overtaxed.

Returning to his study, the Pope works alone, writing on an American typewriter or dictating to a secretary. This is his period of most concentrated effort, for then he drives himself in completing his immense correspondence and finishing routine duties of the day.

He dines early, eating a frugal meal of anything Stefanori puts before him, and finishing punctually by 7:45. At 8, Enrico Pietro Galeazzi joins him in his study. The Pope's day is over. He can relax with his lifelong friend.



### Form of Inflation

Here in western China, we saw one cart with a curious-looking cargo. It was a cowhide without the carcass, and made one wonder if the cow had jumped out of her skin. Chinese skimmers start from the head, and pull the hide off as we pull a sweater over our heads. The hoof and neck holes are then tied up, and the skin is used like a tank car to carry all sorts of things. This cart was loaded with a cow's skin filled with vegetable oil, and when buyers came with their jugs, the oil dealer loosened the string on one leg and let the oil run into the jug.

Father Mark Tennien in *Maryknoll, The Field Afar* (June '45).

# Tales of the Spices

Since 2700 B.C.

Condensed from the *New York Times*\*

**Many** old-fashioned things are now coming back into favor. When even all the money available wouldn't buy the new things we thought we needed, we resorted to old things and made out very well. Wartime shortages of consumer goods could be borne.

To all fatigued by the burdens of the time an old-fashioned mustard bath is still an excellent remedy for nervous tension.

Four tablespoons of the stuff, dissolved in water and added to a comfortably warm bath, will, we are told, increase our oxygen consumption and our carbon-dioxide output by 25%, improve our circulation, and leave us relaxed. Our grandmothers knew it, and so, it is said, do today's doctors.

Mustard we have always with us, but some of its fellow stimulants and cousins, the true spices and the sweet herbs, were war casualties. There have been weeks when the merchants' shelves have been bare of them. There was even a scare, not long ago, about pepper.

Ordinarily we regard the various spicy aids to pleasure in living as matters of course. We become aware of them, however, when an arrogant nation seizes the Spice Islands for her own and when alien U-boats prey on cargo ships.

The spice trade, as if anticipating our new attentiveness, has put out a

memorandum wherein is a wealth of information.

Spices, we discover, have had much to do with making history. They figured, along with silver and gold, in the ransom of cities. Alaric's demand for tribute from Rome included 3,000 pounds of pepper. And our word *grocer* sprang from the word for those members of the Guild of Pepperers in medieval England who brought and sold spices in gross quantities.

The spice trade helped found the empires and build the cathedrals of southern Europe. It helped, indeed, in the discovery of America. The tariff exactions of the Mohammedan world blocking the way to the spicy East were terrific. Europe needed cheaper spices. Hence Columbus.

Every spice has a story. The nutmeg story is that a cartel of European merchants sought to found a nutmeg monopoly by cutting down the nutmeg trees on all but one of the East Indies islands where they grew. But birds thwarted the scheme by carrying off the fruit from the favored island and restocking the denuded isles, the moral being that nature abhors a monopoly.

Cinnamon is an old-timer. The Chinese were using it in 2700 B.C.; the Egyptians imported it around 1600 B.C. The vessels of the ancient Jewish tabernacle were anointed with an oil containing cinnamon. Cinnamon was

\*Times Square, New York City, Sept. 2, 1945.

employed in charms to inspire love, and is still a favorite chewing-gum flavoring for swains going a-courting.

The Old Testament speaks of the manna of the wilderness as being "like coriander seed, white." Without coriander seed a witch or a magician of old could hardly have set up in business. The seeds were thought to induce hallucinations. There may have been something in the theory, for most small children have hallucinations about all-day suckers, and at the heart of that confection is usually a coriander seed.

Saffron, used in drugs and cookery for several thousand years, is made from the crocus. In the Nile lived a huge, cruel beast believed moved to tears by the fragrance of the crocus. So they called him the crocodile.

Allspice is the only major spice produced in the Western Hemisphere; it comes from the Jamaica pimento tree. Anise, friend of colicky babies, is mentioned in the Bible, and was one of the crops on Charlemagne's imperial farms. Cardamon seed, which, when

chewed, is supposed to disguise the fact that the chewer has been dallying with strong drink, bore the same reputation in the Far East for centuries.

Rosemary has a name for stimulating the memory ("rosemary, that's for remembrance") and thus promoting fidelity. It has figured in weddings through the ages. Rumor says it will grow only in gardens of the righteous; also that it is good for the scalp.

Sage used to be so highly esteemed that the saying arose, "How can a man die in whose garden sage is growing?" Thyme, too, was famous as a healer. Modern research shows us that many claims of our ancestors regarding medicinal virtues of spices and their relatives, the herbs, are valid. Which brings us back to the soothing mustard bath, where we started.

All through history the spices, the stimulants and the sweet herbs have been useful to man. Here's a hand for them, and here's hoping the new day of peace will permit them to flow freely around the world again.



Archbishop Spellman's friends tell the story of a chance encounter between the Archbishop and an aged priest who had just returned from a long stay in the Belgian Congo. The older man, carrying two heavy bags, asked the way to the bus terminal. The Archbishop, taking one of the bags, started the newcomer toward the depot. Along the way the old man asked who was Archbishop of the diocese.

"Spellman," was the answer.

"Never heard of him," said the old missionary.

Victor Riesel and Mark Sherwin in the *Magazine Digest* (Sept. '45).

# The Sin of Segregation

Hell's bells are ringing

By GEORGE H. DUNNE

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*

The racist mind has invented an almost limitless number of evasive analogies to justify the unjustifiable. It ignores the crucial point on which racial segregation will differ from all other kinds. It says that if racial segregation is unjust, I must admit among my intimates anyone who demands admittance, and must keep perpetual open house to the world. The ancient sophists were more subtle.

We choose our friends for a variety of reasons, some good, some bad, and according to a variety of tests, some consciously apprehended, some known only to the subconscious. We may offend against charity by excluding individuals, but no one pretends every individual has a fundamental right to be accepted as an intimate friend of everyone else. You may not like my looks, my personality, my ideas. I may resent this, but I shall not charge you with injustice. I shall probably say, "Everyone to his tastes; and in any case, the feeling is mutual." But if you like everything about me save my Irish ancestry, and for this reason alone shut the door in my face, I charge you with injustice. In such an event, however, I shall not desire your friendship, because your attitude reveals a distasteful shallowness. Only the snob seeks the friendship of snobs.

It is the advocate, not the antagonist,

of racial segregation who impugns our right to choose our friends. The pattern of racial segregation and the prejudices which are a part of it say to me who am white: "We deny your right to include among your friends or to open your home to anyone of Negro ancestry. If you violate this convention we shall cast you out of society." The social ostracism imposed upon me is clearly an effort to interfere with my freedom to choose my own friends.

It is said that elimination of racial segregation will mean miscegenation on a grand scale. This is the granddaddy of all red herrings. Apart from the fact that its roots lie in a pride of race and blood that belongs properly to the nazi, not to the Christian, philosophy of life, this sophism assumes that with the elimination of segregation there will be an end to freedom of choice in marriage. It conjures up in the minds of frightened mothers the fantastic image of thousands of screaming girls being carried off triumphantly to undesired marriage beds. Or if this be denied, then it must be admitted that it conjures up the image of thousands of delighted girls rushing happily into marriage with Negro boys. If the former image is fantastic, the latter is hardly flattering to white boys; or, for that matter, to Negro girls.

\*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16. Sept. 21, 1945.

It takes two to make a marriage and we have the right to marry whom we choose. It is not the opponent of segregation, but its advocate, who questions this right.

Those who raise the specter of miscegenation will say that I have unfairly represented their position. They will say that all they mean to affirm is that if the racial bars which now separate them are let down, whites and Negroes, as a result of familiar association, will lose color consciousness and cases of intermarriage will multiply.

Nothing could better expose the artificial foundation of their position. It is they, not their opponents, who affirm that with the elimination of segregation intermarriage will be common. This is an explicit confession that race prejudice can be kept alive only by setting up artificial barriers which prevent white people from really knowing Colored people. It admits that once the former are permitted really to know the latter they will perceive the fallacy of racism. It is a frank avowal that the illusion of racial superiority can be maintained only by manufactured social contrivances. It admits that prejudice dies once knowledge supplants ignorance. It recognizes that segregation is not the consequence of any real inferiority, but an artificial device to create the illusion of inferiority.

It is said that people have the right to protect the value of their homes by preventing undesirable characters from invading the neighborhood. The tattered shreds of this argument ill conceal the naked sophistry underneath.

Like all the other analogies, it ignores the essential difference between racial segregation and other kinds. Granting the right to keep moral delinquents or slovenly housekeepers out of a neighborhood, the question is: upon what ground do you refuse admittance to one who is neither a moral delinquent nor a slovenly housekeeper and whose only "offense" is that he has Negro ancestors? It is because you falsely and unjustly assume that Negro ancestry is itself a form of uncleanness. Establish your residential restrictions upon whatever basis you choose: moral conduct, social grace, physical cleanliness, domestic propriety; none implies the existence of a people whose nature is itself unclean.

The hypocrisy of those who defend residential segregation by appealing to their right to maintain a proper standard of morals, of cleanliness, of beauty surrounding their homes is made manifest by the fact that those same persons, for the most part, would prefer a white neighbor who violated all standards to a Negro neighbor who more than measured up to the most stringent demands. A white debauchee will be admitted when a Negro saint would not be tolerated.

It is said that a school commits no injustice in refusing to admit those who cannot meet its intellectual or financial requirements or who live west of 32nd Street. *A pari*, so the argument runs, a school commits no injustice which says that it will admit only students *not* of Negro ancestry.

The evasiveness is cheap; the soph-

istry transparent. Establish your intellectual, financial or geographical tests. The Negro passing every one of these except the racial test exposes the essential injustice of racial segregation.

Perhaps you believe that his race is tainted and inferior *in nature*, so much so that any person belonging to it, whatever his qualifications, is by that fact alone rendered unfit to associate with other races. If this is not your belief, you cannot exclude this Negro who can pass all your course examinations, who can pay his tuition, and who lives east of 32nd St. If this is your belief, you profess a doctrine branded as false by science, forbidden by the inspired word of God, and condemned by the Vicar of Christ. By denying that the Negro as a human person is fully equal to every other human person, you violate a fundamental principle of justice.

There is another aspect. The same person who will fight to prevent a Negro from living in his neighborhood will not hesitate to employ a Negro maid or cook. If he believes Negroes are lacking in moral integrity, he should not permit a Negro maid to take care of his children. If he believes Negroes are physically unclean, he should not permit the Negro cook to handle his food. Why he does is obvious: he does not really believe these things; but he does believe that no one of Negro ancestry is his equal as a human person. To allow a Negro maid to bathe the baby or a Negro cook to handle the food implies no recognition of the equality of the Ne-

gro as a human person. But to allow a Negro to establish his home in the same neighborhood does.

For this same reason many women who were suckled by Negro mammies, who as children often took their meals with Negro mammies, as adults are outraged at the suggestion that any Negro should be permitted to dine, not at the same table, but in the same restaurant.

It is difficult for the mind to emancipate itself. The history of the polemics about slavery provides a striking example. Today the Christian conscience instinctively repudiates slavery as incompatible with the dignity of man. Yet less than 100 years ago slavery was so woven into the social fabric that its protagonists found no trouble enlisting the support of many reputable moralists. Their treatises make interesting reading today. One does not know whether to admire their ingenuity or pity their ingenuousness.

It is probable that 100 years from now the Christian conscience will repudiate with equal decisiveness the whole pattern of racial segregation. In that happy event the lucubrations of apologists for Jim Crow will make interesting, if sad, reading.

Meanwhile, the mind, faced with conflict between Christian principles and deeply rooted social prejudices, ingeniously tailors the former to fit the latter. The casuistical resources of the mind determined to conform to social patterns rather than to obey God are well-nigh inexhaustible. There was the individual who was at no loss for an

answer when, in condemnation of Jim Crow churches and schools, I quoted the categorical affirmation of the Pope that "Negroes have equal rights in the Church and must know that they have equal rights." With perfect aplomb he answered, "But what do you mean by *equal rights*?" I had no answer, just as I had no answer to the Buddhist monk whom I was attempting to persuade of the existence of a First Cause, and who left me weaponless by blandly denying the principle of contradiction. How is one to argue with a man who can prove black is white?

Then there is the moralist who enumerates the "right to the pursuit of happiness, that is to say, to such equal opportunities as are required for the pursuit of happiness," but blandly denies that the exclusion of a Catholic Negro boy from a Catholic school is a violation of justice, provided another Catholic school will admit him.

The trick is easy: one forgets the principle one has already admitted, looks the other way when the specter of racial segregation (the really pertinent point) looms up, and pretends that the only issue is the right to an education.

Yet none but the obtuse can pretend that a people subject to a pattern of racial segregation enjoy equal opportunities for the pursuit of happiness. This is a dark cloud over the happiness of every Negro who has not already been brutalized by the pattern. The more sensitive the Negro, the more he has perfected his personality (still another fundamental right recognized

by moralists), the darker becomes that cloud. It is impossible to look into the South without knowing this. It is impossible to put oneself imaginatively in the Negro's position without knowing this. And if nothing else will do, it ought to be enough to read Richard Wright's autobiography, *Black Boy*.

One of the most naïve sophisms is the assertion that Catholic schools as *institutions* have the right to admit or exclude whomsoever they choose. A Catholic institution is a "private institution" in the sense that it is not state supported, and should the state attempt to enforce practices which violate Christian principles the Catholic institution does not have to submit. It is obliged, on the contrary, to resist. But in no sense is a Catholic institution a "private institution" as against the Church, regardless of what authority directs it. It is under the strict obligation to conform to Catholic principles. Among those is the uncompromising repudiation of racism in all its forms: "The only road to salvation is definitely to repudiate all pride of race and blood." The words are those of Pope Pius XII.

Other distressing features are found in discussions of this question among some Catholics. One would suppose they were pagan Greek philosophers instead of Christian moralists. For the argument nearly always proceeds in terms of natural ethics.

But the morality of our human actions is affected by the fact of the Incarnation. Not every action which would have been permitted an ancient

Greek is permissible to a Christian. A Christian moralist cannot formulate his discussions in terms proper only to Greek philosophy.

It does not seem to occur to such persons that our Lord's identification of Himself with every victim of injustice and uncharitableness has anything to do with the matter. "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me." For the Christian who is not wholly dead to the real meaning of Christianity, these words give the final answer to the race question. There is no need for statistics, for distinction and subdistinction. It is Christ Himself who is turned out of school, church, hospital; who is ordered out of your restaurant, neighborhood, Pullman car; who is insulted, humiliated. Yet in discussing with certain Christians those words of Christ, I have been met with blank looks. There is an embarrassed pause, such as would ensue were I to dunk my cake at a musical tea. I have evidently committed a dialectical *faux pas*. In the silence one can almost hear the minds behind the blank faces working, all busy with the same thought: "Now whatever possessed him to introduce *that* irrelevant note?" Then someone will clear his throat and quickly act to bring the discussion back to the solid ground of good sense: "Now whether you look at it from the point of view of commutative justice or distributive justice. . . ." At that point I always think of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor.

The penalty exacted of those who

ignore or exclude Christ's "least brethren" is hell. It should seem rather pointless to them whether or not the Greeks could prove their actions to be no violations of strict justice in terms of natural ethics.

Perhaps most curious of all, however, is the common assumption that only justice imposes strict obligations. As long as it is thought possible to prove that strict justice is not violated, it is assumed that any action is permitted. Charity can recommend, but apparently not oblige. It can recommend that the authorities of the Catholic school admit the Negro applicant. It cannot oblige.

This idea is a remarkable evacuation of the essential content of Christian morality. Sins against charity are sins, and immoral no less than sins against justice. Christian morality does not recommend that we not offend against charity. It obliges us under pain of sin not to offend against charity. Many seem to suppose that charity is a work of supererogation, something nice to observe when convenient, but something we can ignore if we choose.

Racial segregation does violate strict justice. But even if justice were not violated, no one could pretend that charity had not been grievously wounded. Racial segregation is certainly a sin against charity and, in the Christian dispensation, is certainly immoral and not to be tolerated. We can go to hell for sins against charity as easily as for sins against justice, indeed perhaps more easily.

# Family Allowances

By EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B.

Proper plan for parenthood

Condensed from the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*\*

In July, 1945, the Family Allowance Act of Canada went into effect. Hundreds of thousands of Canadian families began then to receive directly from the federal government the monthly checks they are entitled to under this act. The checks will keep going into such homes as long as there remains in them a child under 16.

Canadians are proud of this legislation. They boast, "It means Canada *leads the world* in the provision it makes for the care of *all* its children." "Family allowances," they say also, "are the biggest step forward in our march toward postwar prosperity. The spending will be a major factor in providing more steady jobs for Canadians. Family allowances will not only raise the standard of living of the Canadian common man, it will keep thousands of workers permanently busy supplying the things he can now afford to buy."

The immediate purpose of family allowances is to provide an increased income to alleviate increased family burdens, so as to enable the financially weak to exercise their natural right to marry and rear a normal family, thereby helping maintain population, without any undue hardship, and without denying their children the ordinary opportunities of other children. Family allowances aim at this by providing for

a basic wage in each industry for all workers, married or unmarried, and for a supplementary allowance to heads of families.

It is quite generally agreed that family allowances should not be left to voluntary action by employers and employees, but should be established and enforced by law. If, to provide for family allowances, an individual employer should cut down the basic individual wages to a point where they would be just sufficient to support the unmarried employees, these workers would tend to give up their jobs and go to other plants where the higher basic wage scale prevailed. The ultimate outcome, of course, would be that the employer in question would soon find himself saddled with a very high ratio of workers with dependents, and his labor costs would be considerably larger than if the original proportion of unmarried men had remained in his employ.

It is a far different matter, however, when a large number of firms combine to put an allowance system into effect. And this has actually been the usual custom. In fact, very commonly, states have put the matter on a compulsory basis, all concerns in a specified field participating by law. Under these circumstances the system usually works out as follows: each employer in a cer-

\* 53 Park Place, New York City, 8. September, 1945.

tain industry, or in a federation of employers, pays a tax equivalent to a certain percentage of his wage bill (for example, 2%) into an equalization fund. Out of this pool he is compensated for the family allowances he pays his married workers. Nothing induces him to discriminate between married and unmarried men. His basic wage to all, and his tax for the pool or fund, is the same whether his employees are bachelors or heads of families.

The following somewhat detailed example given by Dr. Paul Popenoe indicates how the system might be applied to public service. A high school needs a principal. It hires a bachelor, paying him \$3,000. As an individual, this principal can live very well on this income. But the next year the school hires a man who has a wife and four children to support, the pay again being \$3,000. Actually, this principal gets nothing like \$3,000 for himself. About 20% of his income goes to support his wife, 60% more goes to the support of his children—15% to each child. That leaves him only 20% of his salary, or \$600 a year. That, Dr. Popenoe says, is what we really mean when we speak of "equal pay for equal work": one man gets \$3,000, another \$600 for the same work. And, he adds, that system is "an efficient method of punishing people for having children and rewarding sterility."

To correct what he calls this "monumental injustice," Dr. Popenoe suggests that the bachelor in the case actually be paid \$2,000, and the father of the children \$3,600. This would amount to

the same real wage: \$2,000 for both principals. But the father would get in addition \$400 for his wife, \$300 for each child. To assure hiring of fathers as well as bachelors in spite of this difference in the two checks, he proposes the establishment of an equalization pool at the state capital. "Thus, every high school will be paying exactly the same for its principal—at a guess, let us say \$2,900—although the principals themselves are receiving varying amounts, \$2,000 in this case, \$3,600 in that, to equalize the real pay for equal work and enable them to maintain the same standard of living."

The Canadian law was passed only after much debate in Parliament and much public discussion. Public opinion was divided, and the trade unions have been traditionally against the idea of family allowances. Two Canadian labor organizations (The Canadian Trades and Labor Congress and the *Confédération des Travailleurs Catholique*) both looked upon the measure as one that would keep down wages. The Canadian Federation of Labor, however, took the view that the question was no longer that of being able to afford children's allowances, "but whether we can afford to do without them."

The benefit payments consist of a monthly allowance, according to the following scale, for each child (up to four per family): under 6 years of age, \$5; 6 and under 10 years, \$6; 10 and under 16 years, \$8. For a fifth child the foregoing rates are reduced by \$1; for the sixth and seventh, by \$2 each; and for the eighth and each subsequent

child, by \$3 each. Official estimates show that 95 out of every 100 children in Canada are in families having fewer than five children, and will, therefore, receive the full amount. Experience shows, also, that while the cost of maintaining a child increases as the child grows, the cost per child becomes less as the family increases in numbers. Both facts were given careful consideration in working out the allowances.

The estimated cost of this system is \$250 million a year. Of this, \$50 million or \$60 million will be recovered by the reduction of exemptions for child dependents under the income-tax act. The measure provides for paying the allowance for all dependent children, but reduces the exemption under income tax by the amount of the allowance paid. The allowance is not taxable, and cannot be touched under any law covering bankruptcy or insolvency.

About half the 1½ million Canadian families with children under 16 have been receiving consideration in the form of deductions from income tax. They receive either a full exemption of \$108 a child or a part of that amount, depending on their income. However, this meant nothing to those who did not earn enough to benefit from income-tax deductions. And surely they are the ones who most need help. The allowance system provides that help. It is given *in addition* to allowances due children as dependents of those in the armed forces, pension allowances received under the Pension Act, payments provided under certain contingencies

by the Unemployment Insurance Commission, payments provided under certain circumstances by the Workmen's Compensation Board of the province, allowances to mothers, and any other payments made by provincial governments.

The family allowances are quite independent of wage rates; they have nothing to do with working conditions or agreements. They are simply needed *supplements* to wages.

Family allowances are a fairly recent development, but they have enjoyed considerable expansion. In Finland, France, Germany, and Sweden they had been developed in some measure before the first World War. During and immediately following that conflict, they grew rapidly. In fact, during the conflict, they were instituted in the state civil service, or in private industry, in the majority of European countries. For a time in the 20's the practice of making grants in private industry declined in the majority of countries that had tried it. France and Belgium were perhaps the chief exceptions. During the depression of the 30's, allowances received new impetus. Allowances have now been given in one form or another in at least 39 countries. In 1937 there were more than a million child beneficiaries of the family-allowance system in Belgium; more than 2½ million in France.

A considerable variety of ways of granting family allowances is found in the practice of the countries where they exist. In some instances they are paid to all married men, whether they

have children or not. Again, they are paid for both wife and children. Insofar as children are concerned, one finds variations: some are paid for a certain number of children; some for all children below a specific age; some for all but the first, or all but the first two.

The family-allowance systems that have been in operation have not been beyond all criticism. They have been generally inadequate, particularly in the case of larger families. Then, too, the system has been used at times to penalize strikes. But these defects should hardly be considered irremediable. They should not be taken as genuine objections against an otherwise valid system. It might well be noted in this connection that in March, 1942, after years of opposition to family allowances, the British Trades Union Congress, through its general council, reversed its attitude and agreed with the Labor Party on the need for some national scheme of child endowment which should be a charge on the state.

In the U. S. the allowance system has received scant attention. Perhaps our leaders feel we can and should have something better, or at least have a family living wage without the allowance system — for instance, through such instruments as the legal minimum wage and collective bargaining. But if so, they must be taking a long-time view of things. Despite all efforts of government and labor, in normal times far fewer than half our wage earners get what might be considered a family living wage.

There are some straws in the wind

that indicate a trend rather away from than towards a family wage. Such are, for example, increasing emphasis on the work of mothers outside the home and equal pay for equal work for men and women. But perhaps even more significant is the fact that it is not those who really have families of any size to support who are getting the better wages. This is quite clear from an article entitled "Children and Family Income" in the January issue of the *Social Security Bulletin* of the Social Security Board. It concerns "the maldistribution of children and income in nonfarm families with income from wages and salaries only," and reads in part: "Nearly half these children are in one-seventh of the families which have three or more children, and the other half are in about one-third of the families which have one or two children. *Almost half of the families have no children.* On a comparable unit basis, income of families without children averages more than twice that of families with three or more children."

Happily, the article in question does not suggest the now customary simple solution of family limitation for the low-income families. On the contrary, the article calls it a "counsel of defeatism" to propose a social policy "which would admit inability to devise a system for maintaining, with democratic opportunities, a sufficient number of children to replace, and to some extent to increase, the numbers in the present generation."

The alternative, of course, is to provide security for low-income families.

Perhaps the most effective way of doing this is through adoption of a first-rate program of family allowances. The idea is not entirely new in the U. S. We have had military allowances on a large scale since July, 1942. Between that date and June 30, 1944, the War Department disbursed \$2,865,241,131 (including \$1,162,924,305 contributed by the soldiers) in family allowances for our service personnel. But civilian allowances have not been in vogue. We have had aid to dependent children under the Social Security Act; this is the social service of our country most closely related to family allowances. The principal difference between the grants under this measure and the usual family allowances is the Social Security Act's stipulation of a lack of parental support as a condition of eligibility, and consequently a more direct implication of poor relief. Both the grants and allowances should be retained. As matters stand at present, they tend to punish those who beget children, to reward those who do not.

But, even granted an allowance system for the U. S., would it not now come too late to keep us from becoming a dying nation? In other words, now that family limitation has for a quarter of a century been taught the American people through every modern trick of propaganda, would they now give up the practice? It must be

remembered that the economic is only one factor in this problem. Furthermore, it has quite uniformly been the economically better-fixed that have had the fewest children. Some years ago a study of the Milbank Memorial Fund showed that farm laborers averaged 9% more children born than did tenants, and the latter 12% more than owner-operators. But farm owner-operators averaged 11% more than unskilled laborers in the cities; the unskilled averaged 25% more than the skilled, and these 27% more than businessmen. And one can hardly help but recall the words of the Frenchman, Dr. Doleris: "The multiplication of relief agencies, the new organizations for help, the extreme liberality of pecuniary grants, have proved a complete failure. The wives of the Paris working class decline maternity more and more, the lighter the burden becomes."

Are American wives different? Undoubtedly the answer is that great numbers are not. But it is also true that some are. There are unquestionably a large number of Catholics, both husbands and wives, genuinely eager to observe the moral law as it relates to marriage, who have been caught up in a financial situation that makes it exceedingly difficult to do so. And, we dare say, there are many others besides Catholics in this same category. To both, allowances would be a godsend.

A celebrity is one who is very much in the public eye and occasionally in the public hair.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (22 Sept. '45).

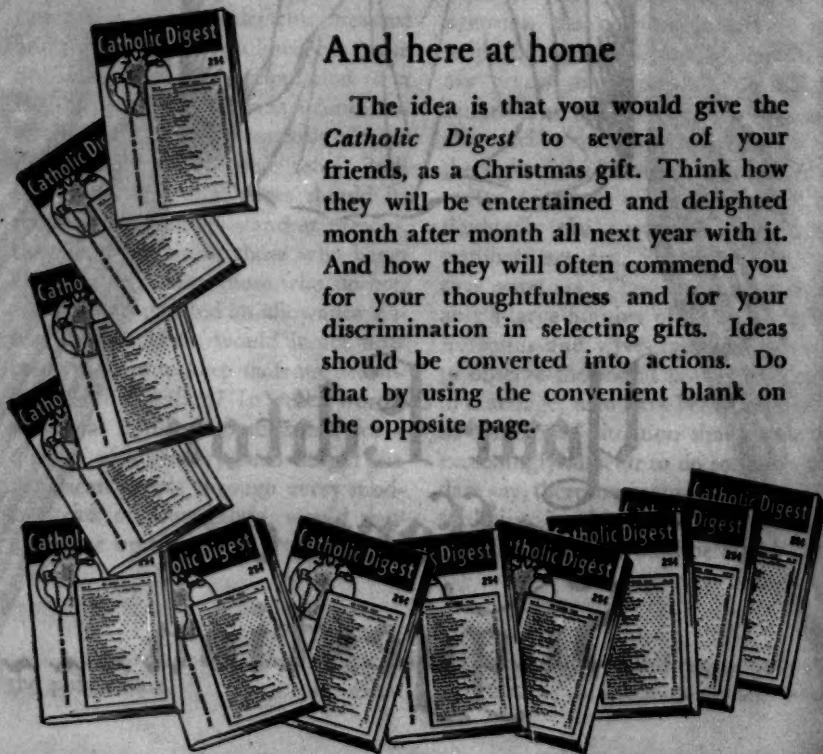


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# Small Fry on Big Time

Lilliputian Catholics

By JOHN B. CAVANAGH

Condensed from the *Queen's Work*\*

Ever wonder what it would feel like to be a midget? A little fellow who has to look up to everybody except small children? How would you like to have remained the size you were the day you received your First Communion? The two smallest adult Catholics in the world are Billy Curtis and Jerry Maren. Here they are; let us get the story from them in person.

"Jerry, how do you feel about still using a baby's highchair at table and for hanging your hat on a hook?"

"It all depends on who asks the questions. Many times in California I was unable to explain my size to kids until they fooled around and I had to get tough. I get a big kick out of joining kids in games, and often they won't believe I'm older than they. Sometimes they try to rough me; then I have to toss them around in self-defense. A little muscle is a wonderful persuader, but we usually get along. Once in a while a bunch of toughies gang me, and I don't always come out on top.

"What is particularly funny, for me, is to dress up like a youngster of six or seven. The getup never fails to cause some motherly woman to offer to buy me a soda or ice-cream cone because I'm so cute! But for real fun there is no experience like dressing like a baby and having someone push me around in a baby carriage. I always take along

a bottle of milk with a nipple, a doll, and a couple of rattles. You ought to see the cuddling I get from pretty girls. And do I cause confusion up and down the boulevard as I toss kisses and wink at maiden ladies. Being a midget has its advantages."

Billy Curtis, really the "voice" of the pair, has had many similar experiences, but is first of all a businessman. He is a competitor of the famous Johnny of the Philip Morris cigarette program, who is also a Catholic. Johnny is slightly taller than his contemporary and diminutive fellow men. For that reason, Jerry does not feel Johnny should be listed among the genuine Lilliputians of the 20th century. All of them, however, did their bit for the war effort by volunteering for Army shows and by signing up with Hollywood troupes on the USO Camp Shows circuit. Bill and Jerry played to soldiers in every hospital on the West Coast, and were featured entertainers in scores of military hospitals across the country.

Billy, now 35, is the "tall" man in the twin comedy act, standing an even four feet high. He tips the scales at 80 pounds. After spending the last four months traveling 15,000 miles in planes and Pullmans, living in hotels, and dashing to as many as five performances daily, Billy says the only moments of peace and quiet he has been

\*The *Queen's Work*, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, 8, Mo. October, 1945.

able to find have been at Sunday Mass.

His partner, Jerry Maren "the midget," at 25, still hopes to add a fraction or two to his height of 44 inches, and perhaps boost his weight above 60 pounds. Both have been on Broadway and in vaudeville and movies for years.

Billy recalled that one of his earliest experiences was at the age of 16 when he was in *Anything Goes* with Victor Moore and Billy Caxton on Broadway. The "tall" midget believes that he holds some kind of long-distance record in the show business. Lee Tracy, manager and star in *Every Man for Himself*, had arranged to stage the production in San Francisco. The cast left New York, traveled across the country, and put the show on—for one night.

Jerry, billed as "the smallest comic in the world," says the toughest part of being a midget is that in dark picture houses people cannot see him and usually sit on his lap. It is also a liability, he says, because a suit of clothes never costs less than \$125, and it costs at least \$250 for a complete head-to-foot outfit. He finds it upsetting, moreover, in going to confession, to have to stand and be mistaken for a child. "It drives me nuts," he says, "to have the padre urge me to be a good little boy."

Still another annoyance, declared Billy, is the trouble midgets have buying cigars and cigarettes. But no embarrassment is comparable to eviction from fancy *bistros*.

All is not woe, however. The pair have often put their tininess to good use. Many times Billy has taken Jerry

by the hand and helped him board a tram, and has succeeded in riding him free of cost. The same act regularly works when they go to a movie, and many a loving mother has given Jerry a coin for "being such a charming tot and wanting to climb into a baby carriage with 'another' tyke."

Billy has been in show business 19 years; Jerry, ten. The latter recently signed a one-year contract with Edgar Bergen to act as Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd in the movies. He also played those parts in *Here We Go Again*. He was cast as Admiral Dot in Bing Crosby's production of *The Great John L.* Since starring in the lead role of *Terror of Tiny Town* in 1938, Billy has appeared in almost 100 plays. In almost every picture in which a chimpanzee is required, one or both midgets are under the "skin." They do not fare badly. Each makes \$650 weekly, and they are intimates of nearly all the top-flight people in Hollywood.

Billy Curtis was born in Springfield, Mass., July 27, 1909, the last of six children. The last two, who include one girl, Mary, are midgets. The rest are of normal size.

As for Jerry, the contrast in heights is even more noticeable in his family. He was the last child born in a Boston family of ten, and is the only member of unnatural size. One brother, born two years earlier than Jerry, is today six feet four, and weighs 280.

Both Jerry and Billy were graduated from high schools, and Billy finished his sophomore year in college before making the stage his career.

# Collective Bargaining

We're all in one boat

Condensed from the CIO *Economic Outlook*\*

America has a stake in collective bargaining it cannot afford to lose. The right to join with fellow workers in free unions is as essential to democracy as the right to vote. A shackled labor movement is the first aim of the enemies of democracy.

The right to organize, at first granted by only a few enlightened employers, but now written into federal law, has resulted in untold gains to Americans. Materially, it has meant the difference between hunger and food, sickness and health. In 1933, iron and steel workers, unorganized, received an average wage of 50¢ an hour; in 1940, organized, they were getting 77¢. By 1940, automobile workers, members of the CIO for the most part, were getting 95¢ an hour, an increase of 36¢ over 1933. The wholesale and retail trades are still largely unorganized: in 1934, the former paid an average wage of 65¢ an hour, in 1940, 74¢; retail-trade wages declined during this period from 47¢ to 46¢ an hour.

Before 1933, vacations with pay were largely unknown. By 1944, owing to union efforts, some 11½ million organized workers could enjoy at least a week of rest. Thousands of workers are now protected by union health-insurance plans and sick-leave provisions.

Before unions grew strong, workers were fired or laid off at the employer's

whim, regardless of years of service.

Most important is the part played by unions in preserving the sense of human dignity. For modern industry has tended to deprive workers of the sense of craftsmanship, of essentiality, which belonged to the old skilled worker. Membership in a strong union gives back self-respect.

Employers, likewise, benefit from collective bargaining, through regular and orderly industrial relations. Productivity of men satisfied that their best interests are protected goes up in leaps and bounds.

Communities, small and large, depend upon well-being of workers for their own well-being. Bad factory conditions create health hazards, which tend to disappear when collective bargaining steps in. Local stores need customers with good wages to spend. Well-paid, satisfied workers make good citizens; slums, malnutrition, and anxiety make bad ones.

Some businessmen have only recently given even lip service to the right of workmen to organize. This lip service has been forced only after a long and bloody campaign in which lives were lost, in which workers' wives and children paid the cost in undernourishment and constant worry, in which "civil liberties" guaranteed by the Constitution were largely ignored by employers.

\*718 Jackson Place, N. W., Washington, 6, D. C. August, 1945.

During the first World War, union membership doubled and labor looked forward to an era of increasing industrial democracy. But instead, employers launched an "open-shop" drive across the country. "American Plan" leagues were formed, and the National Open Shop Association flourished.

Let's look in on Joe Massworker in the 1920's. Joe wanted to join a union, because his wages were low, his hours long, and he did not know when he would be laid off. So far, no one knew his inclination, but he had to be careful. Everyone in the plant knew that names of union sympathizers were turned in—that the next day they were out of a job and on the "black list," so that they could not get a job anywhere.

On his way to work, Joe passed the office of the company's industrial-welfare service. Rumor had it that there were machine guns and tear gas in that office, in case of a strike. In the strike two years before, the company used the tear gas, then got an antipicketing injunction.

Upon entering the plant, he saw a new man signing in—saw him signing the "yellow-dog" contract: "The employee hereby agrees to keep this contract free from interference or intervention in every respect by any officer, member, or sympathizer of any labor union or other organization or society." The employee was forbidden even to join a union on penalty of losing his job.

During the morning rest, Joe's friend at the next machine spoke low: "Did you hear what they did to the union hall last night? Company police

busted right in, broke the furniture, and stole the records. I sure feel sorry for the guys whose names were in those files." Joe was glad his name wasn't there.

After work, the foreman saw Joe, said he had better come along to the employee-representation meeting. Since the union organizer came to town, the company-sponsored union had become active. The company paid the expenses of this union and appointed its officers. But it never did anything but meet and listen to speeches like the one by the general manager:

"There are some foreigners here in town," he said, "and this has always been a freedom-loving, 100% American town. They're out to get you into their union. But you know what they'll do—they'll take your money and spend it on women and liquor—they're racketeers. Now, we've always had fine relations with you men. But I'm telling you right now, if that union gets into this plant, we'll be forced to move out of town. And we'd hate to see all you men lose your jobs. You are all free to bargain as individuals with me—my door is always open. But if you have anything to do with that subversive, communist, grafting union, we'll just have to call it a day."

On the way home, Joe heard what happened to the organizers—they'd just been beaten up and run out of town—one of them had a fractured skull. Joe was glad he wasn't mixed up in the union.

The National Labor Relations Act was passed in 1935 to give Joe a chance.

It provided legislative protection for workers against unfair employer tactics. It allowed organization and collective bargaining to flourish naturally, like a growing plant freed from entangling weeds.

The history of labor organization in the 1930's is well known. Workers, no longer afraid of losing jobs because of union activities, flocked to join unions. Membership jumped from 3 million in 1932 to 14 million in 1945. By 1945, two-thirds of all workers in manufacturing were employed under union agreements. The NLRB, in the full decade of its existence, has handled more than 74,000 cases. The board has disbanded 2,000 company unions, and reinstated 300,000 workers who had been fired for union activities. Genuine unions were chosen in four-fifths of the 24,000 elections conducted by the board.

Cold figures do not tell the whole story of the advancement toward genuine democracy in America since passage of the act. The participation of more than 6 million workers in NLRB elections (85% of all those eligible) marks the opening of a new frontier in democracy as significant as the elimination of the property qualifications for voting. Hundreds of thousands of employers have been restrained from destroying civil liberties of employees by presence of the act on the statute books, of the NLRB in Washington, and by the growth of unions.

Industrial opposition to the act has been constant since its passage. Unwilling to accept the principle of collective

bargaining, the National Association of Manufacturers encouraged its membership to adopt an attitude of non-compliance on the basis of unconstitutionality, and one of hostility against the NLRB. Both act and the board were subjected to a continued barrage of criticism and ridicule in letters, bulletins, radio addresses, posters, and cartoons. Then, having done everything within its powers to obstruct the board, the association began to ridicule it as an abject failure.

There are already indications that antiunion employers are expecting to smash labor organizations now, as they did after the first World War. Labor sacrificed the advantages of a strong bargaining position during the war, through its 99.9% adherence to its no-strike pledge, and through its acceptance of wage stabilization. Labor's wartime record merits reassurance that industry will cooperate in expediting reconversion.

This is the "reassurance" labor is getting: General Motors recently "punished" salaried workers in one of its plants for joining a union, by transferring them to hourly rates of pay. A big North Carolina shipyard employed men during the war for the sole purpose of spying out union members in order to fire them. Chrysler's economist, John Scoville, said: "I condemn collective bargaining as an assault on liberty, as an evil thing which is against the public interest, as something which will increase poverty."

Many employers welcome "super-seniority" job rights for veterans, and

legislative "protection" for the veterans against unions as means of setting soldier against worker, of using ex-servicemen to destroy unions.

In some circles the attack on collective bargaining is draped in a new slogan, "management prerogatives." The soothsayers of this new cult insist they are in no way opposed to collective bargaining, if labor will only recognize that certain "areas" are solely and peculiarly management's function. These exclusively management areas, of course, include anything of importance relating to wages, hours, and working conditions. All the current attempts to destroy collective bargaining and undermine the protection afforded by present federal legislation have certain alleged goals in common. As in the past, high-sounding aims are serving as screens for antilabor activities.

There is a great deal of anxiety about the "right to work," for instance; it is said that the main obstacle to realization of this right by all men is the existence or possible existence of closed or union-shop contracts. Thus, it is argued, legislation against such contracts is necessary. Some states have attempted to ban closed shops.

It is interesting to note that although some 6½ million men and women are working today under closed or union-shop agreements, and still another 3¼ million under maintenance-of-membership agreements, the cries in defense of the "right to work" come from management, not labor. On the contrary, American workers are so convinced that such provisions are helpful rather

than harmful to their interests that they refuse to resign from unions during "escape" periods. A recent study by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics of a group of representative companies showed that only ½ % of the workers with an opportunity to withdraw from union membership did so.

The right to work means one thing to the worker and another to such employers. To him it means the right to a job with decent wages and working conditions. He knows that unions, not employers, put real meaning into this right. He heard nothing from employers during the depression about the right of the 15 million unemployed to work. It is the unions which fight for higher wages and shorter hours for him; they protect him against arbitrary discharge, favoritism, racial discrimination.

Why do unions demand the union shop? Why do governments ask their citizens to pay taxes? Union members have a name, *free riders*, for the boys who enjoy the fruits of union work without contributing to union success. Most unions bargain for everybody in the shop, regardless of membership. The concessions they win from management, the raises, vacations with pay, sick leave, apply to everyone. Negotiating a contract requires hours of work and energy, and running a union costs money. Democratic principles demand an equal contribution from all if benefits are to be equally shared.

A union is not named exclusive bargaining agent for all employees until a majority of them vote for it. This ma-

majority then determines what working conditions it will claim for the whole shop. It imposes those conditions upon the others, just as the Congress elected by a majority imposes legislation upon the whole country. When the union introduces the union shop, it is simply exercising its right, as representative of the majority, to determine working conditions. The unions, as bargaining agents, are responsible for actions of employees toward management, under conditions of the contract. Nonmembers, not subject to union influence, often wreck collective bargaining.

Lastly, it would be denying the facts of industrial life if we were to close our eyes to the need for union security as a condition for fruitful labor-management relationships.

Another goal of the would-be reformers is "freedom of speech" for employers in elections to determine collective bargaining. This aim ignores the whole history of employer participation in workers' affairs. The selection of a bargaining agent is a right of workers and entirely *their* business. The employer must deal with whom-ever they choose.

Still another great concern is for democracy in labor unions, and great fear has been expressed of "labor dictatorship." But, by and large, labor unions are the most democratically run organizations in the country.

Democratic procedures have never been big business' strong point. Important policy decisions, affecting millions of lives, are almost always made by a small group of men who hold their

positions year after year. Influence of stockholders in corporations is determined by the amount of stock owned by each; influence of union members is democratically determined, one vote to each member. Stockholders meet but once a year, most of them don't even get to the annual meetings; most union members meet regularly every month.

Still another feature of most "labor" legislation is the requirement of financial statements by labor unions. Here the effort is to convince the public that unions are forcing great sums of money from innocent workers and spending them for sinister purposes. This is a false picture of what happens in most labor unions.

Most unions charge dues of \$1 to \$1.50 a month. Those which charge higher dues generally offer special benefits, such as death, disability, or old-age payments. Most workers consider the gains won by unions a bargain at this price. Most unions publish financial statements for information of their members.

Looking behind the request, it is easy to see why employers are interested in the financial status of unions. If a union is poor, the easier it is to eat it up. If it has funds, let us wait a year or two before launching the big offensive.

Employers' concern for the worker's dollar does not prevent many from charging high monopoly prices for their products, often necessities which workers must buy. It is aroused only when it gives labor's enemies an op-

portunity to view the chinks in labor's armor.

We have been told that one of the greatest dangers threatening our rapid and orderly reconversion to peacetime prosperity is that of "industrial unrest." To avoid this "unrest," the argument goes, it is necessary to enact legislation calling for compulsory arbitration and cooling-off periods in all labor-management disputes.

These provisions are a body blow to the right to strike. Labor rightfully views the strike as a weapon to be used only as a last resort, but when that last resort has been reached, unions must be free to use the strike as fully and powerfully as possible. Workingmen do not willingly give up their jobs and pay to go out on a strike (strikes have not exceeded  $\frac{1}{2}\%$  of the total available working time in the last ten years) yet sometimes they know it is the only way to talk to an employer: decrease in production speaks louder than the union.

In such critical situations, compulsory arbitration and cooling-off periods serve only as weapons in the employer's arsenal, giving him time to fill important orders in a hurry, build up stock piles, successfully draw the sting from the strike when and if it does come. Most unions know that in nine cases out of ten, arbitration is desirable and feasible. It is that tenth case, however, and the prospect that it might become the eighth, ninth, and tenth cases if the right to strike were weakened, which makes labor say No to compulsory arbitration for all labor disputes.

The worst antilabor legislation proposed, because it is the subtlest and cleverest, is the Ball-Burton-Hatch bill, which among other things would: forbid all boycotts—sometimes the only means the multitudes have of breaking the grip of an unscrupulous manufacturer; require that 75% of all employees in a plant favor a union shop in order to have one; permit firms to sue unions for damages; refuse to permit unionization where fewer than 20 persons are employed; allow firms to dodge the reality of being in interstate commerce, and permit them, as a consequence, to maintain they are solely subject to state, and not national, labor laws. The restrictive clauses placed around the closed and union shops and maintenance of membership by this bill would prevent unions from functioning with any success, and would be the beginning of another period of social chaos, portentous of nameless despair and terror.

Unions are not perfect, nor are any other organizations made up of mere human beings. But existing legislation is more than adequate to take care of present labor faults. Our alternatives are clear: is the labor movement to be so bound by restrictive legislation that it will be allowed to move a toe at a time but not the whole foot in its attempt to progress, or is the whole country to move forward, unified behind the common goals of full employment, industrial and economic democracy, social security, better living for all, confident in the knowledge that all are brothers?

# The Rosary

By MAISIE WARD

Condensed excerpt from a book\*

Something to hold on to

When speakers of the Catholic Evidence Guild began explaining the faith in Hyde Park, London, there were Catholics in the crowd as well as non-Catholics, and some were most annoying. They would offer to fight the hecklers, or at best argue so loudly with them that the speaker could not be heard. And then we found a remedy—to ask the Catholics to say the Rosary for a successful meeting. Silent Catholics praying for us instead of noisy Catholics trying to “help” us. It was wonderful. A speaker about to get up on the platform learned to wait, rosary in hand, while the speaker getting down would offer a Rosary for him.

Crowds became inquisitive. What was this string of beads we held, passed through our fingers, kissed, and signed ourselves with (anyhow, what was the sign we made? “North, South, East and West,” shouted one group of hecklers).

And so we explained the Rosary. First came the beads, held to be highly superstitious and unscriptural by the majority of non-Catholics. And we found a formula around which to frame our explanation: The beads are there for the sake of the prayers, and the prayers are there for the sake of the Mysteries.

Take first the beads: on the lowest

level, a convenient method of counting. My husband says he wishes our ten fingers could be blessed and indulged, for they serve when the rosary has been left at home or in the pocket of another coat.

Next above their use for counting we may put their aid to concentration. Sir Walter Scott used to fell trees when writing a novel. It was the best way, he said, to get plots and characters to move and live; he compared it with a woman's knitting. We all know women who cannot think without a sock in their hands; we know both men and women who cannot think without a cigarette between their lips, who “doodle” with a pencil or a bit of string.

Without entirely understanding the relation between body and soul that causes the connection between thought and activity, we know it exists. Pascal put the matter rather oddly when speaking of using the rosary, taking holy water, et cetera. He said “*abetissez-vous*,” which has been translated (even more oddly) “stupefy yourself.” This, of course, is not what he meant, and he goes on to explain it better as “winning over the machine,” or the mechanical side of our nature, so that it helps instead of hindering the direction the spirit desires to take. The best translation might be, “Don't mistake yourself for a pure spirit.” Use the low-

\*The Splendor of the Rosary. 1945. Sheed & Ward, New York City. 164 pp. \$2.50.

er faculties as well as the higher. The world around is one huge distraction from prayer; the very holding, the very slipping through our fingers of the beads, can be a powerful counterdistraction—on a bus, in the subway, in the street, in barracks, so that even in the dark the fingers tell the decades.

On a higher level this use of the beads is a part of the whole philosophy of the Church about man's nature. We are not pure spirit but composite beings made of spirit *and* matter. And so we need, if our prayer is to be true to our nature, to use material things: images either set before the eyes or fashioned in the imagination, the cross at the end of our beads, the blessing that makes them sacred, the prayers we say on them.

For the beads are there for the sake of the prayers.

The prayers are first the Apostles' Creed; then the Our Father on the large beads, the Hail Mary on the small beads, in groups of ten called decades, the Gloria on the spaces that follow the decades.

The prayers of the Rosary arouse criticism from Protestants and even from a few Catholics. We repeat the same words again and again, and the text that condemns "vain repetition" is quoted against us. It is rather "vain mouthings" that this text condemns, words used with no soul in them. Repetition need not be soulless: a wife never tires of hearing her husband say, "I love you": a mother never tires of her child's first words, repeated often because he knows no others.

But, in fact, with the Rosary the prayers are there for the sake of the Mysteries.

The 15 Mysteries of the Rosary fall into three groups, joyful, sorrowful, glorious, each group containing five Mysteries. The five joyful Mysteries are: the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Presentation, the Finding of Our Lord in the Temple; the five sorrowful: the Agony in the Garden, the Scourging at the Pillar, the Crowning with Thorns, the Carrying of the Cross, the Crucifixion; the five glorious: the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption, the Coronation. (When I was a child the priest in our parish always announced this last Mystery as "The Coronation of Our Lady in Heaven and the Glory of All the Saints." I like this very much, but have never heard it since.)

The joyful Mysteries are said on Mondays and Thursdays, also on Sundays from Advent to Septuagesima; the sorrowful on Tuesdays and Fridays and on Sundays from Septuagesima to Easter; the glorious on Wednesdays and Saturdays and on Sundays from Easter to Advent.

Most rosaries are made for the recitation of five Mysteries. The Rosary has been said if all five decades have been recited, an Our Father on each large bead, a Hail Mary on each small bead, a Gloria on the space between the decades. But there is also a little pendant with a crucifix and a few extra beads. Usually we say the Creed on the crucifix, the Our Father on the

large bead, and three Hail Marys on the three small ones; then on the final large one we say the Our Father of the first decade. The Creed is our profession of faith in the Mysteries; the three Hail Marys ask the gifts of faith, hope and charity.

Much of life must look complicated before it is understood and practiced, especially life on a high level of civilization. Take the ceremonial of eating: the knives, forks, spoons, glasses, napkins, finger bowls. Imagine a savage introduced to all these for the first time, then told that this elaborate business is the background, the accompaniment, of social intercourse, exchange of ideas, gathering of friends.

"Much simpler," he might say, "to have the talk without the food, or the food without the ceremony." Much simpler, certainly; also much less civilized. The Rosary is an intellectual, civilized form of prayer. Once understood, it fascinates.

Many Catholics almost shrink from explaining it to a Protestant; with a new convert they think the Rosary is the last thing he will learn to love. Yet I know a priest whose converts are chiefly won over through the Rosary. Preaching at street corners, conducting services in his church to which great numbers come besides his own flock, he has in his parish 500 non-Catholics who daily recite the Rosary.

Yet if some take to it easily, still others find it difficult even after years of practice. Reciting the Rosary aloud in church or at home helps some, worries others, who could learn to meditate

much better without the *sound* of the words, which only distracts them. But in any case, it may be said, "Does not the very repeating of certain words (even mentally) distract you hopelessly while you are trying to think of something else?" I believe not; the practice of centuries in many countries by millions of worshipers has shown that it works. But we can, I think, go further and in part explain why it works.

We might picture the habitual state of our imagination by comparing it with someone who, looking in a shop window, observes everything there, although only conscious of looking at one particular object. At any given moment our minds are full, our imaginations overcrowded, with extraneous matters. To control all this is a real difficulty when we want to concentrate, and a modern writer on the Rosary sees the vocal prayers as filling that very function because, though not identical, they are closely allied to that on which we are concentrating.

Attention, says A. G. Herring, has in the mind a focus and a field. If we occupy the field with something akin to that on which the focus is fixed, we intensify the force of thought at the focus and eliminate the distractions that will otherwise occupy the field. Draw a tiny circle surrounded by a wider circle; the inner one is the focus, the outer one the field. Obviously if you leave the field a prey to every surrounding and passing object, the focusing of attention will be far harder than if the field is occupied with cog-

nate matter. Thus the Hail Marys subserve the meditation and help the concentration of the mind's focus.

Then, too, the division into decades, which at first seems a gratuitous interruption, actually helps. The meditation is to be a brief one: the Gloria gives the signal to move on to the next Mystery. In spite of the Aves, the imagination has run away—to the children out in the playground or the first violets under the hedge or very much further afield. The Gloria brings it back to the matter in hand. No, the beads, the recitations, do not distract the attention; rather, they fix an attention far too readily distracted.

Caryll Houselander writes: "There is a most interesting kind of underground growth of devotion to our Lady in England, and the fact is that when people are faced with overwhelming sorrows, fears, exhaustions, as we inevitably have to be now and then, in these war years, it requires something like a rosary, *literally* to focus one's prayers. It is not easy to say why, it is certainly far more than a superstition or talisman or charm—I find it the one strengthening and comforting thing at times, just to put my hand in my pocket and feel my rosary there; it is like finding your mother's hand in the dark. But the more one has learned about and thought about the Mysteries, outside of these moments of crisis, the more truly does even a mechanical saying of the Rosary seem a true prayer, even just holding it in one's hand.

"The other day I saw a person suf-

fering badly from shock who caught sight of my rosary, which I pulled out of my pocket when searching for something else; she seized it, and although she had only the vaguest idea of the significance, she became calm at once, like a miracle; she asked me to explain it, but she was not in a state of mind capable of taking in a whole explanation. I told her simply that it is a form of prayer which reminds one of all the landmarks in Christ's life from before His birth until after His death and that it gives them to us 'arranged' so to speak, by His Mother. She listened only very slightly and kept saying, 'Well, it *is* something to hold on to!' That's what all these poor people need, with their blindness and their vague, messy thinking, and confusing half-education—*just something to hold on to.*"

In mundane matters we often meditate. Shall I, for example, buy a new hat? I look in the shop window; I compare prices; I consider the state of my purse; finally, I resolve for or against.

Contemplation does not go from step to step like meditation. It is more in the nature of a simple, steadfast gazing of the soul at God, through the medium, it may be, of some individual Mystery.

Coming on earth and living as man, God not only showed us something of His divine nature; He also cast light for us on our human nature. Many of us feel today that one of the great difficulties of life is a sort of bewilderment. Everything we read and hear is confused. The persons we read about in

books or meet in daily life seem almost disintegrating, so uncertain are they of the purpose and meaning of their being. When God became man it was not only to come to our aid with all the power of His Godhead; it was to reveal to us the true way of human life by living it. One method of studying

this human and divine life is the Rosary; we can slant the rays of its light now in one direction, now in another. We can think solely of what was happening in the stable or on the cross; we can look through those events into heaven; we can relate them with our own lives.



### *Charity's Crucible*

My first day back in civilization I was walking on Market St. in San Francisco. To get out of the way of someone coming toward me, I stepped into the path of a woman just behind me.

Of course, I apologized. She didn't look at me; stared straight ahead, and I could tell the way she felt about me was that she wouldn't take an apology from me, even for being jostled. She didn't want the contact of so much as an apology.

Shock is too strong a word. I wasn't shocked, but I was surprised. Where I'd been everyone was so considerate of others. There was a man shot through the head on Leyte and all those who saw it hopped up out of their foxholes wanting to help. There was nothing much they could do but yell for the medics, but they wanted to do anything they could.

And most of all I remember a trip aboard an LST going in; there never was a group of men more one. We were all expecting tough combat, hand-to-hand stuff or grenade fighting. I actually heard one man congratulate the mess sergeant on the excellence of his coffee. Not kidding, quite solemnly. I guess the mess sergeant was amazed, but he was solemn, too.

We were all thinking that day of whose turn it was. Maybe our turn or the turn of the guy just behind us, and we were trying very hard to give everyone else all the little breaks. All that was petty or grasping for advantage—well, it was just wiped away. There was no pettiness left.

Sgt. Barrett McGurn quoted by Robert van Gelder in the *New York Times* and the *Catholic Herald Citizen* (12 May '45).

# Atomic Science and World Unity

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Condensed from the *Ladies' Home Journal*\*

One world, one law

From April 25 through June of this year, the nations of the world sat together, through representatives in San Francisco, and worked out the charter of a world organization for peace, since ratified by the U. S. Senate.

In August, the first atomic bomb was launched against Japan. Man, or rather a handful of international scientists, had discovered the elemental secrets of the universe, and the source of inexhaustible energy, of such power as to have the destructive force of the earthquake and the typhoon, or to supplant or make subsidiary all fuel resources of mankind.

Ever since the epochal emergence of Einstein's physics, scientists working in varied branches of radioactivity have known it was possible to disintegrate the atom, and thus release the energy which moves the universe. The war led to an enormous cooperative effort, at prodigious cost, practically to apply the pure theories of exact science. Not only the U. S. but Germany was working on the same thing and, all unknown to the wide public, the race for the solution of atomic disintegration was the greatest contest of the war.

The use to which the invention will be put is not a scientific question, but a political, moral, religious question, to be answered by you, and by me. The

secret belongs to the British, Canadian and American people. Patents are shared by all three governments. The costs of its discovery were borne, not by shareholders in some private corporation, but by the American people, as taxpayers. Its possibilities for destruction are so enormous that the invention cannot pass into private hands. It is a collective property and a collective responsibility.

This invention did more than blow up landscapes, buildings, and populations. It blew up the San Francisco charter as an instrument for preventing aggression and keeping the peace. That charter, with atomic science, becomes as obsolete as the Holy Alliance created after the Napoleonic wars.

The champions of a real world organization were never wholly satisfied with San Francisco. They saw in it three serious gaps: it has no power to prevent the aggression of any of the really strong nations, the Big Four or Five, as they are called; it has no power to control all armaments; and it has no effective instrumentality for creating a world law. Nevertheless, nearly everyone supported it, on the ground that it was a "real beginning."

That premise rested on the idea that the world had time for creation of a secure peace system. It is just this ele-

\*Reprinted by special permission from the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Copyright, 1945. The Curtis Publishing Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia, 5, Pa. October, 1945.

ment of time that has been prodigiously telescoped by the new revelations of atomic science.

At this moment, the Anglo-American countries are masters of the globe. No country can attack us, no matter how vast its armies. No country can safely defy us, no matter what its strategic positions.

But this position is ours for only a matter of minutes, reckoned in terms of history. Our War Department, our President and, above all, the scientists who invented the atomic bomb, know its secrets cannot be kept for long. The facts about it, in pure theory, are known everywhere; the elements employed in its composition are known. No invention of great importance, representing years of research in many countries, ever remained for more than a very few years the monopoly of a single laboratory or state. We have not got decades, we have not even certainly years, in which to evolve a world organization adequate to the protection of mankind. The time is now.

Despite all the talk of the "Big Three" or "Four," the power systems are really two: that of the West, around the U. S.; and of the East, around the Soviet Union. France is not a great power and must move within the orbit of the one or the other, as must all Europe, including Britain. The San Francisco charter confirms this state of affairs. There is not yet to be One World, but actually two worlds, each immensely powerful, but each capable, it has been argued, of keeping out of the other's way.

That was always dangerous doctrine, incompatible with historic experience. When there are only two or three great power spheres in the world, the tendency is always toward domination by elimination. Rome, as the greatest world power, never halted until she had destroyed Carthage, her only rival. All the small states were perturbed at San Francisco. All saw they were likely eventually to become battlegrounds for the great powers.

But two inventions in this war, both capable of rapid further development, end the safety of any power, however great. They are jet propulsion, as realized in various V-rockets, and release of atomic energy. There will be, within an extremely short space of time, no part of the earth that cannot be attacked from any other part with weapons that can spread ruin over hundreds of square miles, and create social disorder, economic disintegration and moral chaos.

As I write this, I have as yet no knowledge of what may be the reaction to this invention in the Soviet Union. But imagine that the Soviet Union had first launched this weapon! I can certainly well imagine what *our* reactions would be—they would be of panic! And one thing is certain: every country, including the Soviet Union, will spend a fortune and the combined energies of all its scientists and engineers to get there first, to effect immense improvements in accuracy of use and destructive power, and to guard all its findings, as we do ours, with greatest secrecy. That is a recipe for a world-

wide nervous breakdown, and a possible war which will, however it turns out, devastate huge parts of the globe, possibly start the universe exploding, and end civilization for centuries.

But this does not have to happen. Humanity, which released the elemental forces of nature, also knows how to control those forces. What it now *must* control is itself. This atomic-disintegration formula, for the moment an Anglo-American monopoly, gives to the British, American and Canadian peoples the brief opportunity to *dictate peace to the world*.

Peace can mean only the submission of all nations and all powers to the rule of law, in the name of God, the Father Almighty.

The rule of law means that no power whatsoever may move armies, navies or air forces against its neighbors, nor decide by itself what the law may mean. It means that every dispute must be submitted to the tribunals of a world organization and settled before the courts of that tribunal.

It is not necessary to make a super-state governing all the political, economic and social cultures of mankind. It *is* necessary to make one supra-authority governing and controlling all armaments and reducing their use to the enforcement of the law.

It is said that it is practically impossible to make laws that all nations will accept. It may be impossible, and it will certainly take long, to agree on a code of international behavior governing the many things that all peoples ought to do together. Jesus of Nazareth ex-

horted all men to be brothers, to be meek, humble and pure in heart. The Sermon on the Mount marks an enormous ethical advance over the Ten Commandments. But, while few except saints live strictly according to the counsels of Christ, nearly all persons observe most of the Ten Commandments, and the laws of all civilized countries are largely based on them. Most persons honor their parents, as adjured in the Commandments, even if they don't love their neighbors as themselves; most persons don't steal (and the law sees to it that they don't) even though few, if asked for their coat, offer their cloak also.

There must be a constitution for the world, setting forth a few basic laws that all collective organizations of men, namely, nations, have to observe, and the policing must be done by an international authority in the name of the law. All other authorities must be disarmed or integrated into that authority, for which process there are numbers of ways. And when that happens, we shall not need atomic bombs to keep the peace. When it is universal law that is being enforced, and not the interests of great powers, it can be done with rifles. Our police do not need atomic bombs to keep the peace in our cities; they would need a lot more than pistols, however, if they simply had to enforce decisions made from time to time without reference to the law at all.

The Anglo-American countries, with the weapons they now exclusively hold, can call the whole world to its senses,

if first they will call themselves. It is not enough any longer to control the factories and laboratories of Germany, Japan or other "enemies." No country should be allowed to manufacture inventions to blow up the planet. Atomic force can liberate the world eventually from dependency on fuel resources in the ground; it can free men from want, provided it first frees them from fear. Its secrets, discovered by Germans, Italians, Englishmen, Americans, should be shared by all the world's peoples, for they are properties in nature. But first, all peoples must be put under the control of One Law. You can't have One World without that One Law—any more than you could have the U. S. without one fed-

eral law, with federal instruments for control. You and I cannot go around toting guns; we have to get a license, and that license limits what kind of guns we can tote. No private person can get a license permitting him to operate a bombing plane or carry a machine gun. We don't need to carry guns, because the police carry them for us, and for the law.

And no nation, either, can tote atomic bombs in the long run, unless we resign ourselves to the idea that the planet might as well blow up.

That is what we should tell the world, right now. We should say, with a world monopoly of force in our hands: we will exchange it for the rule of law. Take it or leave it.



## Ode to Poland

By ANNA MARIA ZAJAC

Condensed from the *Biały Orzeł*\*

Lamentation for the land of Lech

**Beloved** Land of the White Eagle, the land that gave to the world Paderewski, Copernicus, Skłodowska-Curie, Kosciuszko, Pulaski, Reymont, Conrad, Sienkiewicz, Mickiewicz, Sobieski, and countless other renowned personalities; land that fought so valiantly for its freedom in Warsaw, Narvik, Tobruk, Monte Cassino, Ankara, Falaise, Breda, Arnhem, and wherever the freedom of liberty-loving nations

was at stake, on land, in air and on the sea, firmly believing that out of the present chaos a better world would evolve wherein would abide charity for all and malice toward none; to thy impoverished, parched lips the Big Three raise a chalice filled with bitter gall. "Drink!" say they. "Drink to the Poland that was! Drink to the Poland that hath ceased to be!"

Oh, the irony of fate! For thy sacri-

\* (White Eagle) 745 9th Ave., New York City. August, 1945.

fices on the altar of freedom, unparalleled in the annals of history; for the 6 million lives lost in the bloodiest of struggles to be recorded in the history of mankind; thou art doomed to be nothing but a pawn! Life, precious life, created by Him in whose eyes all are equal, has been bartered. Rejoice not, O ye world; but don a shroud of deepest mourning, for something greater something even more important than Poland has been placed on the auction block, and that is Christianity.

Beloved Lechitan Land, can it be that thou art doomed to be no more? Can it possibly be that America, the hope of the world, the land whose freedom Kosciuszko and Pulaski defended years ago, the land that sacrificed millions of its sons so that the children of tomorrow might be insured a better world, hath agreed to append its signature to a Fifth Partition of Poland, thereby becoming an accomplice in a crime even greater than the partitions of 1772, 1793, and 1795, which spelled the death knell to a nation great for nearly 150 years? Is the world so blind that it doth not see that there can be no compensation for thy great loss; that shorn of thy mineral wealth, and with thy body carved in two, as a nation, thou hath ceased to exist?

Land of my forefathers, land that gave me the greatest treasure that I possess on this earth, a mother and father that made me all that I am and all that I some day hope to be, I cannot believe, I do not want to believe that such a thing can come to pass: that for the many millions of lives sacrificed on

the altar of freedom, such is to be thy reward! Who, if not thou, hath earned the right to live as an independent nation with a government of thine own choice; thou, whose men and women, with grenades in their hands, fought 63 days alone in Warsaw, and with a handful of precious soil clenched tightly in their blood-drenched hands died with the words on their lips: *Jeszcze Polska nie zginęła!* (Poland is not yet lost!)

Land of Lech, in whose churches I prayed and in whose universities I studied, how can I forget thee, put thee out of my mind, when the chords of my heart for all time thou didst bind! I have lived only for thy resurrection! I wanted to be one of the first to kiss thy sacred blood-drenched soil, when the Polish eagle hovered over a free Poland again.

To know thee, Lechitan Land, is to love thee forever! One cannot stand in Kraków and not be thrilled to the very core of one's heart by the immortal Hejnał. Neither can one pray before the hand-carved Stwosz altar in Saint Mary's church, and not be elevated to the very skies! To kneel before the heart of Chopin, and to bow one's head in reverence before the remains of Kosciuszko, Mickiewicz, Pilsudski, Jagiello, Sobieski, Queen Jadwiga, and other great men and women of Poland, is to hold communion with an undefinable something that carries one's soul beyond the limits penetrable by man. To gaze at the jewel-studded Madonna of Czestochowa and hear the thunder of the cannon imitated so well

by the organ within the portals of this sacred edifice whence the blessed Madonna, Queen of Poland, once did abide, to join the worshipers in the singing of the Polish national hymn, *Boże coś Polskę (God save Poland)*, is to carry one's being to the very throne of Him who fell thrice on the road to Golgotha, and marched to victory!

Beloved Poland, so hast it been with thee! Thrice hast thou fallen! Just as Christ was resurrected, so wilt thou also be reborn and bring light unto this war-torn world!

I shall seek solace in the sacred wounds of Christ, and kiss the parts of His body from whence trickled blood most holy, sacred blood which brought deliverance to a world filled with greed and corruption. With my eyes fixed on the crucifix, I shall see thee and the brave defenders of Warsaw and I shall raise my voice in fervent prayer:

"Christ, Saviour of man, I beseech Thee: grant not that the emaciated body of Poland be offered as prey to powers incapable of weighing justly the sufferings of man. Grant that *life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness* be guaranteed to all, be they strong or weak, rich or poor, peasant or king! Grant that the millions of lives sacrificed on the altar of freedom will not have been sacrificed in vain! Grant that the principles of the Atlantic Charter be upheld; that the Four Freedoms be preserved; and, above all, ere pacts are signed sealing the fate of

gallant nations forever, and subjecting them to a state of subservience for generations to come, grant that the Great Powers see how greatly they have erred! Christ, most holy, I now raise my voice in prayer not just for Poland alone, but for the peoples of Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania and all the nations which, by annexation, cannot live as Thou hath willed that man shouldst live. Before Thy altar I raise this plea: to every nation in Europe restore precious liberty!"

Sarmatia, Land of the White Eagle, the first to bare thy breast to the nazi hordes, land that hath produced no Quisling, Laval or Hacha, I weep over thy bier, and yet in my tears I find strength. Deep in my heart I believe that thou shalt be resurrected, for while there is life in my body and the bodies of 6 million Poles in America, there is still hope. Poland is not yet vanished while we live!

Lechitan Land, I raise a chalice filled with sweetest nectar to thee! Touch not the goblet filled with bitter gall! Such bitter reward was never meant for so great a nation as thee! Drink the nectar I offer. It cometh from my heart and the heart of every Pole in whose bosom beats a heart filled with devotion, a heart that hath pledged itself to thee, beloved Poland; for a nation that hath given so much to the world, a nation that promised to give so much more, cannot die! It must live on in all hearts till her banners fly again.

# Idea for a University

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

Amid the encircling gloom

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine*\*

We had been talking about the need for greater racial tolerance, and a tall young woman at the far end of the long table suddenly leaned forward and said, "The whole problem could be solved by proper contacts that would lead to understanding." We looked toward her, for her statement seemed to suggest experience.

"I grew up on a Nebraska farm; we had no Negroes in our community, not a Chinaman or a Mexican," she said. "Then I won a scholarship to a small college, and to my amazement I found half a dozen or more young Negroes also attending classes.

"I don't think I actually resented them, but I had no friendly feelings, and I was probably suspicious. Then, one day, like others who had noted in their registration that they were Catholics, I was asked to join the Newman club.

"At the first get-together two Negro students were present and I carefully avoided them. By *carefully* I mean I kept on the other side of the room, feeling unfamiliar, uneasy. I didn't mention the way I felt to anyone, but perhaps I did look toward them as toward something very strange. At any rate, when the formal meeting broke up in small groups, the chaplain came and sat beside me. He very cleverly asked me my background

and interests, and when he found I wanted to major in music and dramatics he began to point out the talented persons with us. Presently he asked a Negro young man to sing. I'd never been in the same room with a singer of such caliber, and when Father saw I was impressed he called the young man over. For an hour we discussed music and the theater; at least Father and the young Negro did the discussing: I sat fascinated, listening.

"I won't say that I got over my uneasy feeling that first evening, but in the weeks that followed I did learn that it isn't a man's or woman's color that counts; it's the personality, the mind and the soul, what they've made of their opportunities."

She hesitated, thinking, then she added, "I've learned a lot of things since I left home, but the lesson in tolerance, which was made possible because I met Negroes at the Newman club, was one of the first, and one of the greatest."

I later remembered how the young woman emphasized the fact that her affiliation with the Newman club had taught her tolerance, and I began to wonder how many young American Catholics had been helped to greater understanding of the philosophy of their faith through the Catholic clubs in secular colleges and universities.

\**St. Benedict, Ore. October, 1945.*

I wondered, too, if the average Catholic appreciates what Newman clubs mean in the field of Catholic Action. Probably not. For that matter, it's doubtful whether the average American Catholic appreciates the great English Cardinal, John Henry Newman. They have heard that he is author of the famous hymn *Lead Kindly Light*, and are vaguely familiar with the fact that clubs named in his honor exist in non-Catholic colleges.

A hundred years ago, on Oct. 9, 1845, Newman was formally received into the Catholic Church. He was then 44, but even as a teen-age boy he had revealed a consciousness of the things of the spirit. He was ordained an Anglican minister when 23 and not many years later inaugurated the Oxford movement, which swept the English speaking world, becoming an important factor in English religious life.

For Newman, and many Anglican followers, the Oxford movement was not sufficient, and as he traveled and studied he became convinced that for him, at least, the philosophy of the Catholic Church was the only correct one. Once this had become established in his mind, his reception into the Church followed.

He was, of course, a great leader and teacher, and his influence during the last 40 years of his long life cannot be overestimated. He had what is often called "color"; he intrigued thinking men and women. At the time of his birth, 1801, there were only about 60,000 Catholics in England, Scotland, and Wales, but Newman's conversion

"popularized" Catholicism to the extent that people talked about the Church, read of it, and embraced it. Father Newman (he was not a Cardinal until almost the end of his life) was at least partially responsible for the fact that the 60,000 grew to 4 million.

In this country his works were widely read, and he had been dead only three years when in 1893 a group of young men at the University of Pennsylvania, who had formed a Catholic club, honored his memory by calling it the Newman club. Those five medical students adopted Newman as patron because they realized his exemplary life was a great Catholic ideal of scholarship.

Fifty years ago young people were beginning to show intense interest in higher education, and thousands of Catholics began to take advantage of free, or very inexpensive, education offered by city and state institutions. The hierarchy would have preferred, naturally, to have every Catholic student in a Catholic college or university; and they realized that when a student went to a secular institution his faith must be safeguarded against questionable ideals. As a result, chaplains were appointed, and Catholic clubs, Newman clubs, most were called, began to function. At first this was a part-time duty, one more parish assignment, and is still so in many places, though there are universities where the chaplain assigned to the Newman club is so busy he can assume no other responsibility.

Of course, membership of some of

the 400 Newman clubs in the U. S., Canada, Puerto Rico, Australia, Hawaii, and which will exist again in the Philippines and in China, is very small. Some colleges have only 12 or 15 Catholic students, though before the war some universities had as many as 3,000. At California and Illinois more than one chaplain is required. At a recent initiation at the University of Illinois 300 new members were enrolled.

It was more than 20 years before an effort was made toward formation of a national organization. In 1914 delegates from five Catholic student clubs in New York City met at Hunter college, the New York free college for women, and discussed possibility of a federation. A few months later one was actually formed of 11 clubs from New York, Philadelphia, and Princeton. Catholic groups in non-Catholic colleges across the country were invited to affiliate. The beginning was small, but growth was steady and by 1938, when the federation met in Washington, it was national in scope. At this meeting it was decided to call the national body the Newman Club Federation. Not every Catholic club belongs to this federation and not every club is named Newman. There are Calvert clubs, also Shield, Catholic, and Pasteur clubs, but the whole movement in non-Catholic schools has become known, popularly, as Newman.

The most important factor of the work is its effect on the individual. As in the case of the girl from Nebraska who had never met a Negro until she left home for a state college, the New-

man club provides spiritual and social guidance. The young man or woman from a small community first contacting the various isms, most of them subversive, finds in associations at a Catholic club a balance, a bulwark against questionable ideals. And though the chaplain guides the program, he does not dominate, preferring that the members develop responsibility and leadership.

The ideal program is a well-proportioned mixture of Catholic action and social life, and clubrooms become the center for all types of Catholic Action. Whenever possible the club has its own building, allowing for the usual recreation rooms, library, a study for the chaplain, and kitchen facilities. A few clubs, with a full-time chaplain, have a chapel where Mass is said daily.

The spiritual, cultural and social program differs with each, though certain activities are more or less common. There is almost sure to be an Evidence Guild committee, one to consider the charity work of the club, also committees on publicity, radio, catechetics, music, athletics, special functions, lecture board, and social hours.

At the University of Washington the Newman club has specialized in plays produced at the campus theater. The club at Russell State college in Troy, N. Y., high-lighted its year with a series of talks on *Marriage and the Family*. Three priests were invited to talk on "Marriage as a Sacrament," "The Marriage Contract" and "The Pope's Encyclical on Marriage," and four Catholic doctors from Albany and

Troy hospitals discussed the physical side of family life. A Catholic-school principal and a Catholic mother completed the series.

Music is popular, and members at West Virginia University sing high Masses on feast days, also during Advent and Lent. Catholics at the University of Iowa teach catechism to child patients in university hospitals. Newman members at Washington State college purchase a Catholic book each month for the college library, hoping to make Catholic literature available to non-Catholics.

At Cornell, the Newman club, always large and active, has become a military organization. One activity has been a hospital committee which concerns itself with the comfort of Catholic students in the university infirmary, and its Christmas-time project was the collection of gifts to be sent to a navy chaplain for distribution. Catholic members of each class that completes its special military training are given a baccalaureate service.

In Cincinnati, Denver, Chicago, and Washington, D. C., at the state universities of New Hampshire and Vermont, and at the U. S. Naval Academy, current-events talks were given, most of them centering on the papal peace plans.

The Army and Navy training programs have done much to accelerate Newman-club activities, especially in smaller schools. At Montana School of Mines, all 56 members of the Newman club belong to the Navy's V-12 program. On their agenda is an item

called *mixer-dance*, a party which allows busy V-12ers to meet and become friends. They are held in a parish center, with the women and girls of the parish the hostesses and dancing partners.

A similar story comes from St. Lawrence university, up in northern New York, while Emory university, Georgia, reports a young V-12er, who, when he found that there was no Newman club to join, wrote to friends who belonged at the University of Florida and at Georgia Tech, asking for information "to get a Newman going fast."

The most important influence, naturally, has been the spiritual. A Jewish girl who came in contact with Catholic ideals during her course in philosophy was curious as to whether or not Catholics followed the rules of living about which she had studied. She visited the Newman club at her university, and returned again and again. She not only joined the Church, but today is finishing her novitiate.

A young Negro at the University of Chicago wondered if Catholics exercised the tolerance they expressed, and went to the Newman club in a decidedly skeptical frame of mind. He was welcomed, and a few weeks later suggested that he would enjoy being invited to a suburban estate where members were to make a retreat. Again he was welcomed, and returned convinced that Catholics do practice what they preach. He became a constant visitor. He entered the Church and went to a seminary.

Such is a brief of the work with

which Cardinal Newman is popularly associated, a work of which he would have approved. He was vastly interested in scholastics; as rector of the Catholic University in Dublin he completed some of his greatest writing, including his *Idea of a University*.

Before the war, it was estimated that there were more than 150,000 Catholic students in the non-Catholic colleges, though probably not more than a third participated in Newman-club activities. Those supervising the work plan a postwar program on a greater scale. Father Joseph D. Connerton, chaplain of the Chicago club, recently wrote:

"If Newman-club work is to succeed, it must take the offensive. Stop-

gap techniques will not suffice. Our program merely spreads over the soul of Catholics a thin surface coating beneath which run the dangerous, infected waters of erroneous opinions, false ideals, and even less-than-Christian habits of thought and action. The situation is acute."

There is a challenge such as John Henry Newman would have enjoyed meeting. The five young medical students who were so inspired by Cardinal Newman's life and writings that they named their Catholic group in a non-Catholic university the Newman club unknowingly gave a name to a great work which must continue to grow in numbers and in achievement.



### Two Slight Slips

When the Germans surrendered, Parker Pen Co. sent General Eisenhower two pens with which to sign capitulation documents, suggesting that he use both, retain one, and send the other back to the company for its historical collection. In the signing, three signatures were necessary, and General Ike used both pens and had to borrow another. He sent one pen to President Truman, another to Prime Minister Churchill. Then, remembering the Parker Pen people also expected one, he sent them the borrowed pen. It turned out to be a pen made by the W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Ft. Madison, Iowa.

*The Presidio* (Aug. '45).

The above appeared in the September CATHOLIC DIGEST. It was factually wrong. General Eisenhower and Kenneth Parker, the President of the Parker Pen Company, are close friends, and Mr. Parker had given General Eisenhower two Parker "51's" long ago, but not with any intention he would use them in signing the surrender terms. The Parker Pen Company did not ask that any of the pens be returned for their museum, and they did not receive the Sheaffer pen, therefore.

We are glad to set the record straight and we are also glad that the surrender terms were signed with whatever pen.—(Ed.)

# Wings of Mercy

By JOSEPH E. McINTYRE, C.M.

Condensed from the *Vincentian*\*

**Out at the** airport of an aviation school in the Middle West, I stopped beside a small trainer plane to talk with a Catholic priest working around it. He was not a large man, nor old in years; but his quiet, sure manner suggested experience in his work. Originally from Texas, he joined a missionary Order which sent him after ordination to mission stations of the North, beyond Hudson Bay, where he worked six years. Last spring he returned to the States for a course in aviation: long since, the plane has proved its worth in the far-flung Arctic. Lately, Father had completed his course, won his pilot's license, and was now servicing this Piper Cub trainer for a flight to Montreal to take the test for a Canadian license. Two hours later he was off. Father A. A. Cartier, O.M.I., successfully accomplished his first long "cross-country," acquired his northern license, and returned the trainer plane to the home port. He was the first graduate of an aviation training college for Catholic missionaries near East St. Louis, Illinois.

*Obviam Christo in Aera* (Toward Christ in the Air) was the flying slogan of MIVA, the first missionary flying association in the Church, started in 1927. War in Europe halted the work. Now, in America, the cross has been taken aloft again.

The Wings of Mercy College was organized last spring. Under leadership of a group of Religious and laymen, it is, in the words of its founders, an "organized effort to give wings to the word of God." Its Religious leaders were, at the start, Oblates of Mary Immaculate. They quickly won approbation and active support of many other missionary institutes, such as the Vincentian Fathers, Society of the Divine Word, Benedictines, Franciscans, Redemptorists, and White Fathers of Africa. Among them were men who already had considerable aviation experience. The laymen, officials in the organization or otherwise identified with it, are either men with aviation experience and business connections or men who firmly believe in the apostolic value of air transportation.

Purpose of the organization is maintenance and training of Catholic missionaries in their own air college. Maintenance of such a college is to be realized by building up a foundation fund to pay for equipment and training. Instruction is given free to all candidates, who provide for their own lodging and other needs.

A little monthly pictorial magazine, *Wings of Mercy*, has been launched. This is an eight-page journal containing mostly photographs from various mission fields. The most recent copy

\* 1405 S. 9th St., St. Louis, 4, Mo. September, 1945.

reveals that six mission fleets of planes have been started by the donation of at least one plane to each fleet. Each fleet is dedicated to some title of the Saviour, such as to the Holy Name; to our blessed Mother; or to one of the saints. Each copy of the magazine contains this announcement: "Every Religious Order is welcome to ask our help in having one of its own members educated as a flying priest or a flying Brother. The course will be given at the expense of *Wings of Mercy*. Funds are limited. Ex-servicemen and high-school graduates who want to become flying priests and fly to save immortal souls are invited to write to *Wings of Mercy*. Ex-servicemen and high-school graduates who want to become flying Brothers in any Religious Order, or flying knights, remaining laymen but devoting themselves as pilots, mechanics, navigators, or in any other capacity as assistants to the flying missionaries, are likewise invited."

The program is divided into primary and advanced training. The primary consists of conventional flight instructions, including lectures in civil aeronautics regulations and sufficient instruction in navigation and meteorology to prepare the student for normal instrument flying as well as for the tests required by the Civil Aeronautics Association for a private pilot's license. This primary training is, of course, required of all flight students. It is designed to prepare the future flying missionary for the advanced course and also to train some priests for lecture work and other services in behalf of

Wings of Mercy College here at home. This course usually consists of at least eight hours dual instruction at the start, followed by 30 to 35 hours solo-flight practice. The solo-flight period is subject every two or six hours to dual checkup flights with the instructor.

During this interesting period of his course, when the student is gradually molded into a missionary of the air, the instruction program follows very closely the routine which has been found so efficient in training Army cadets.

"My instructor's name was Bliss," a student-priest said, "and he was well named. He refused to indicate by any sign I could see that this event, so unique to me, was of any startling significance to him. He was quite 'blissful' of any nervous reactions I might have been excused for feeling. When we arrived at the plane, he showed me where to step in; then didn't even check to see if I fastened my safety belt correctly. The motor was started, and as we taxied across the field, he said laconically, over his shoulder, 'Stick forward, plane down; stick back, plane climbs. Coordinate pedals and stick for right and left turns. Fix your bank with stick, turn with the corresponding foot. At a certain point above I will do a few right and left turns; then, you take over.' Just like that! And that is what happened."

"At 2,000 feet and at 85 miles an hour, after a few lazy turns, during which I kept my hand on the stick and my feet on the pedals, he suddenly raised both hands, and I found myself flying. During the next 20 minutes he

pointed right, then level, then left, then level, alternately, and I, in response, kept trying to do turns that would be less and less sloppy. After a while they seemed to be better."

The advanced course is designed to fit both pilots and mechanics for all the exigencies of mission work. This course will require more than a year for completion. In it the young pilot will be given more detailed instruction in navigation and meteorology. He will learn how to tear down and build up the motor; he will be given much cross-country flying the year round, to acquaint him with all types of terrain; he will be expected to have 40 hours of instrument flying to fit him to fly in heavy weather and to fly by night as well as by day. In this course, also, Religious Brothers and laymen will, in course of time, be competent to assist missionaries in plane maintenance.

The training site for this first year of the Wings of Mercy College is the Parks Air College at East St. Louis. Ollie Parks is well known both in aviation and in Catholic lay retreat work. He is founder and director of the Parks Air College, which, before the war, had developed excellent facilities for training laymen. When the war came, the government not only took over the school to train air cadets, but it also appointed Parks to establish similar training units in many states throughout the Middle West and South.

To such a curriculum this late spring and summer has come the first class of missionary cadets, nine Catholic priests, representing six Catholic missionary Orders.

The first training ship was the Piper Cub trainer. After the dual instruction and six or seven hours of solo in this ship all the missionaries switched over to Stearmans (ships much used by the Navy in training), which have happily been made available by the government to private institutes at a greatly reduced rate. Training in this plane gives the missionaries experience in the type of vehicle they will find most efficient in their work.

The instruction is thorough. From ordinary turns and glides, to rectangles and accurate S-turns, to steep turns and figure 8's, the student progresses to spins and stalls, to landings and take-offs of all kinds. Always he is under the eagle eye of a critical instructor who makes it clear that he prefers perfection in all routines. The training program requires at least one cross-country flight with the instructor and one alone. Finally, at the end of the required solo hours, the instructor pronounces the student prepared to take the Civil Aeronautics inspector aloft and to go through the period of intensive air work which will win him not only the coveted pilot's license, but also the beautiful Wings of Mercy insignia, silver wings and cross.

In commenting upon the reaction to the atomic bomb, one radio newscaster revealed the most terrifying aspect of this weapon: "only the kids took it in their stride."

Anna M. Brady in *CIP* (11 Aug. '45).

# The Earth Is God's

By PHILIP MARQUARD, O.F.M.

The Lord giveth the increase

Condensed from the *Franciscan Herald and Forum*\*

**Healthy** grain waving in the wind is the strength of all countries. Yet God is ever the proprietor of all land; man is but the steward. Man may work the soil, plant and irrigate it, but God gives the increase. The Church through various sacramentals gives heed to the farmer's needs, begs God to bless his lands, seeds, harvest.

One of the oldest sacramentals is the observance of the Rogation days. The word comes from the Latin *rogare*, to ask or pray for. They are days on which we ask God for good crops and escape from temporal evils. The Rogation days arose from calamities that befell the city of Vienne in France. City and countryside were visited by earthquakes and fires, which caused great crop damage.

On Easter in 469, St. Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne, was pontificating in the crowded cathedral, when the city hall suddenly caught fire. Most of the people rushed away to fight the fire. The Bishop, left almost alone before the altar, beseeched God to avert disaster from the city. The terrible fire ceased almost as quickly as it had begun.

The people returned to the cathedral with grateful hearts, and the Bishop seized the occasion to instruct them on the importance of prayer and penance to stave off further evils. He told them

he had prayed and vowed "rogations" if the city was spared. The rogations were to consist of litanies or supplications chanted in solemn procession and accompanied with long public fasts and prayers. Clergy and people took readily to the suggestion. On the three days prior to Ascension Thursday the vow of the Bishop came to fulfillment.

From Vienne the Rogation services spread over France to Spain and finally to Rome. Pope Leo III approved the practice for the universal Church at the close of the 8th century.

Church law has since regulated the celebration of the Rogation days. They are observed in spring, the planting season, that the crops may sprout with the blessing of God.

The Rogation days which arose in France are known as the Lesser Litanies, the Litany of All the Saints being sung or recited during procession. At stated places the litany is interrupted and the fields blessed:

"We beg of Thy goodness, O almighty God, that the fruits of the earth may be penetrated by the dew of Thy blessings. Grant also to this people always to thank Thee for Thy gifts; that the fertility of the earth may enrich the hungry and that the poor and the needy may celebrate Thy glory. May the blessing of almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend in plen-

ty on the fields and on all these good things, and remain there forever."

The Greater Litanies are held on the feast of St. Mark. There is no connection between the feast of St. Mark and the Greater Litanies. This can be seen from the fact that when the feast of St. Mark is transferred, the procession is not. There is also a special Mass of the Rogations, said on the days of the Greater and the Lesser Litanies. The fast is no longer observed, although some dioceses have the custom of abstinence.

Another universal practice in the Church is that of the Ember days. The word *ember* is possibly a corruption of the Latin *quatuor tempora*, the four seasons, from the fact that these religious practices are held at the beginning of each season. The Ember days developed out of the nature festivals celebrated by the pagan Romans in June, September, and December. The Church, ever ready to adapt herself to her people, gave the festivals a Christian character and added a fourth, the Lenten Ember days.

The Romans were much concerned with agriculture. They had nature gods and held religious services at planting and reaping time. In midsummer they begged their gods for an abundant harvest; in early fall they prayed for a rich vintage. Through the Church, these festivals were changed into penitential seasons. Fast and abstinence are now prescribed for all the Ember days. From Rome the observance was gradually carried to other countries. It was not until the time of Pope St. Gregory

VII (1073) that the Church received definite and uniform regulations concerning the Ember days.

There are special Masses for the Ember days, distinctive by reason of the lessons from Scripture inserted before the Epistle. These lessons vary in number for the various days, Friday having none, Saturday the most. The lessons refer to the harvest, or to the offerings of the first fruits of the earth, or to the penitential spirit.

In the fourth lesson of Ember Saturday in Eastertide we are given these thoughts from Leviticus: "If you walk in My precepts, and keep My commandments and do them, I will give you rain in due seasons, and the ground shall bring forth its increase, and the trees shall be filled with fruit."

On Ember Saturday in Advent we have encouraging thoughts from Isaiah: "The land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad. It shall bud forth and blossom, and shall rejoice with joy and praise: the glory of Libanus is given to it, the beauty of Carmel and Saron." The idea of the coming of the Saviour is tied in with the spring of new life in healthy and abundant crops.

The Ritual of the Church has many other agricultural sacramentals besides these seasonal ceremonies. Such are the blessings given to seeds, fruits, fields, animals, farm buildings.

In Catholic rural communities, farmers have the year's seed blessed. The feast of the blessed Virgin's Nativity, Sept. 8, was set aside as a special day to bless the seed. The Church prays:

"We beseech Thee, O' Lord, deign to bless these seeds, to foster them with the mild breath of a serene sky, to render them fertile with dew from above, and to bring them unharmed to fullest maturity for the use of souls and bodies."

There is also a special prayer against mice, grasshoppers, and bugs. God is asked to protect the growing food from pests and bring it to complete growth for the benefit of His faithful.

In the harvest season, when a good crop has been realized, the Church has a beautiful manner of thanking God for the increase. In it we find Psalm 64, which reads: "Thou hast visited the earth, and hast plentifully watered it. Thou shalt bless the crown of the year of Thy goodness. The vales shall abound with corn."

The farmer harvests the wheat and puts it into the hands of the priest to become the Body of Christ. He grows

the grapes to be pressed and consecrated into the Blood of Christ. Thus he cooperates intimately in offering the holy Sacrifice with the priest.

If we enter more fully into the spirit of the Church, we can elevate our minds more easily to God and live with more security protected by the blessings of the Church. St. Francis endeavored to lead people in this direction. Through nature he would take them to God; at every bend along the road he turned to the blessings of the Church for aid. There was no fruit of the soil which he hesitated to ask God to bless. He knew and tried to teach that "God gives the rain and the sun, and the soft warm earth in which seeds of every shape and hue mother a new life."

The solicitude of the Church for "our daily bread" helps us to love and understand her, and to use her sacramentals reverently.



## Flights of Fancy

A voice as soft as the glow of altar candles.—*H. V. Morton.*

Gold is the only thing she hasn't panned.—*Charlie McCarthy.*

The baby wakes up in the wee-wee hours of the morning.—*Robert Robbins.*

Trains go flashing back and forth like threaded needles lacing America together.—*George and Helen Papshvily.*

As nervous as a hound's nose at a rathole.—*Walter Menges.*

Many girls dress to kill, and cook the same way.—*Eloise Carrot.*

She wore an hourglass gown on a beer-glass figure.—*The Duke of Paducah.*

Most people have some sort of religion—at least they know which church they're staying away from.—*John Erskine.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$1 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

# Protestant Hermit

And other sheep I have

By MARK TENNIEN

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**George** Hunter is a Protestant missionary whom I had been urged to visit when I got to Lanchow. I had no trouble finding him, for he lived on the grounds of the China Inland mission. He dwelt in a one-room adobe shack in an out-of-the-way corner of the compound. He was hanging woolen winter underwear to dry on a line outside his low door when I approached him.

A stooping, wiry little man with white bristles sticking up on his head and out from his jowls and chin, he regarded me with blue eyes whose candor was almost embarrassing. He was a type for the movies, dressed in an old red sweater over a lumberjack flannel shirt, with heavy, baggy trousers and sheepskin-lined slippers of soft leather, like those worn by nomad shepherds.

Mr. Hunter led me into his home—a room furnished with only a small bed, a table, and two chairs, the sole luxury being a wallcase filled with an assortment of books relating to Central Asia. I spent the better part of two days visiting with him. But for the pressure of business, I would gladly have sat on the little hard chair, listening to this remarkable ancient, for weeks.

George Hunter was born in a small town near Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1862.

He went out to the Orient in 1888—working with the China Inland mission—and there he remained. The tough little Scot made many a strange choice during his career. He lived a celibate life—not from rule, for he is a Protestant, but from choice. He felt a family and home would limit his labors, divide his singleness of purpose.

He went home for a visit in 1900, but that was the only time. During his first dozen years he was in the Lanchow area, where he had the companionship of fellow missionaries and worked along in the ordinary way. But George Hunter was extraordinary; his spirit was restless treading the ordinary path. In these first few years he had learned of the great spaces to the west where no Protestant missionary had yet penetrated. He hungered for the pioneer work of felling trees, clearing the land, and turning the soil for Christianity.

He knew, of course, that the people of Sinkiang were Mohammedans and Buddhists, Turks and Mongols, and various nomad tribes. It is an axiom that Mohammedans cannot be converted, and it is extremely difficult to convert any Buddhist. But Hunter refused to accept these generally recognized truths. One day he simply packed up and traveled 2,000 miles west, to live

\*Chungking Listening Post. 1945. Creative Age Press, New York City, and Maryknoll Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., Maryknoll, N. Y. 201 pp. \$2.50.

and work alone in that vast, rough, mysterious land, Sinkiang.

Any place in China was thought to be isolated when Hunter first went out, half a century ago. There were no postal nor telegraph services nor roads. It took nearly three months to get by boat, foot, and oxcart from Shanghai to Lanchow. But he set out on his journey in a two-wheeled horsecart to the far interior, three months distant from Lanchow.

He claimed affiliation with no special denomination, saying, "I am interested only in humanity, in bringing the message of Christianity to the most forgotten people." If we figured the success of his labor in numbers or other tangible evidence, the result might appear disappointing. But if we view his labor as courage, sacrifice, and perseverance, it is the success of the saints: he went to plow and sow the seed, and with that he felt his work was done.

George Hunter stuck by his task through rebellions, civil wars, earthquakes and the first calamitous years of Soviet control in Sinkiang. The summer that the Reds started rounding up missionaries, he was off in the hills somewhere with the tribes and wasn't molested. But the winter of 1941 came and he returned to his place in Tihwa. Late one evening, a group of Russian secret police broke in on him with drawn revolvers, searched his house from top to bottom—while they kept him covered like a criminal—and then whisked him off to prison.\*

He was then 78. When he asked the

Russian officer for an explanation, he was told, "You are a spy, and it is our duty to shoot spies."

The story of his torture and imprisonment for 18 months is horrifying.

"My friends would not believe some of the fantastic things I went through," he said.

I told him I had already heard similar stories from a dozen other victims of communist zeal, and then he settled down to relate how he had swung between life and death, between sanity and insanity, for a year and a half.

"Once I was inside the prison," he said, "they put into action their methods of deranging my mind to the point of making me admit I was a British spy and sign a confession."

First they starved him for two days; then they started the no-sleep torture. He was forced to stand for days without sleep until his mind wandered into semiconsciousness and delirium. Then they would ask him to write a confession saying he was a spy employed by the British government. He remained stubbornly silent, and his tormentors would repeat every now and then, "Good night, Mr. Hunter; hope you sleep well."

After days without sleep, and with a starvation diet of Russian cabbage soup and hard black bread, Hunter felt insanity approaching. "It was a kind of mental intoxication and delirium," he told me. "The psychology of their method is to weaken the mental faculties so much that truth cannot be withheld." Police in foreign lands have found fault with the method: if a

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Sept., 1945, p. 50.

man's mental powers are weakened too much, he becomes irrational and will admit false accusations as the truth. If carried far enough, the torture forces a complete surrender of will; a man can be made to say anything.

He remembered signing several papers. He doesn't know what they were, only that it was what they wanted him to say. "I don't know," he told me. "Probably one of the things they forced me to sign was a confession of espionage."

After that, he was put back in his cell and given food and sleep. They put a loudspeaker out of sight near his cell, and from a record ran off the questions and answers of his trial. As he heard his own voice making unbelievable statements, agonizing doubts of his sanity returned. They had forced some of his converts and servants to testify against him, and the record of this they also put through the speaker to stab his heart and upset his mind.

The guards often came in to taunt Hunter and a Russian Orthodox priest, mocking at Christianity and sneering, "All the other missionaries have been shot; your turn will come next." The old man said that what hurt him most was the "constant mockery of God—the shameless blasphemies spoken against Him." These men were "more like demons than humans. I thought then and I think now that this whole Soviet activity is directed by the Evil One himself."

In the final months of his bondage, he had little control or none over his mind: "I kept on hearing voices, the

voices of my tormentors and of former friends testifying against me."

A doctor who examined him from time to time told her superiors in the summer of 1942 that the 80-year-old prisoner was in danger of dying, and he was removed to a hospital. His strength was built up for two months; then he was summarily banished from the land in which he had toiled without rest or thought of self for half a century. Still tottering with weakness, he was put on a truck which bumped along the desert trail for two weeks and finally deposited him in Lanchow.

For months after his release, he said, he still heard the voices of his torturers and the loudspeakers taunting him with his own insane lies. Many things that he told me he asked me not to repeat, and in deference to his wishes I have left them out. He frequently asked me if I believed his statement, if I thought he was in his right mind. I had no doubt (could have no doubt, looking into George Hunter's clear, candid eyes) and I told him so.

I was sorry when I had to leave this man, who at 83 sat increasing his book knowledge of Central Asia and writing religious tracts for the people, while he dreamed of the day when his exile would end and he would be able to resume his labors in the hinterland. He even asked me to pull strings in Chungking so he could obtain a visa to get back to Sinkiang right away. The word *impossible* flashed through my mind, but I caught it on the tip of my tongue, for it is men like Hunter who do the impossible.

# Protestants in Mexico

By THOMAS F. DOYLE

Stones for bread

Condensed from *Thought*\*

America's secular press has been singularly silent regarding the Church in Mexico. Religious periodicals, however, have revealed the increasing tension over Protestant programs to intensify missionary work among Mexico's preponderantly Catholic population. There is no denying the aggressiveness of the new evangelical movement, or the depth of Catholic resentment. Having survived a long and bloody persecution under several radical governments, Mexican Catholicism is now facing an even more disturbing opposition, whose shock troops carry no Red banners, speak no threat, and profess a love of the same Christ.

Mexican Catholics argue that the Protestant invasion is unwise in view of efforts to create better understanding between the peoples of the U.S. and Mexico; that it is doomed to ultimate failure because of the ineradicable impress Catholicism has made. They stress the point that while Protestantism has done creditable work in social service, Catholicism is not only the sole unifying factor in national life just as it was in the past, but the truest inspiration for a future Mexico of greater individual, social and economic attainment. They feel that American Catholics should examine the reasons given by Protestants for attempting to win the Mexican soul.

"Let no one think that the object of Protestant work in Latin America is to combat the Catholic Church," declared Dr. W. Stanley Rycroft, secretary of the Committee on Co-operation in Latin America, in the *Presbyterian Survey* (November, 1942). But in the same breath, he said: "The [Catholic] Church which had a monopoly for nearly 400 years somehow lost its grip on the heart and mind of the people, and they are turning to other cults. Latin America is at a formative, foundation-laying period of its history, and needs a vital faith by which to live, and a gospel that will remake the social and moral fabric of its life." Dr. Robert E. Speer, Presbyterian missionary executive, defended the propositions: 1. Only Protestantism, free from superstition, reformed, scriptural, apostolic, can meet South America's needs. 2. The Roman Church has not given the people Christianity; it offers a dead man, not a real, living Saviour. 3. The Catholic Church has lost ground; priests are reviled and derided. 4. Protestant missions will give the Bible to South America. 5. Protestant mission enterprise is required for the intellectual needs of South America (*Augustana Quarterly*, Winter, 1942). Dr. Speer adds three others "reasons" for Protestant missions; moral conditions in South America, the character of the

\*Fordham University, New York City, 58. September, 1945.

Catholic priesthood, and the hope that Protestant missions may bring about a self-cleansing in the Catholic Church.

At a Methodist convention in Mexico City attended by 691 delegates from Mexico and the U. S., plans were laid to double membership in four years, add ten new churches in leading cities, enlist many young persons as teachers, preachers, and deaconesses, to erect a Methodist hospital in Mexico City, and raise 300,000 pesos. The Presbyterians have undertaken an intensified program in 22 states. Christian Student movements affiliated with the World Students' Christian Federation have been set up in Mexico, and grants allocated by the Hazen Foundation to establish a library of Christian literature. The Salvation Army distributed in the past year 2 million copies of the Gospels. In Mexico City, the official Hidalgo theater was the scene of a meeting of Jehovah's Witnesses. New Protestant missionaries are being sent into what the *Lutheran Herald* (Nov. 10, 1942) called "a God-given Macedon." Protestant workers forced to abandon the Philippines, Malaya, Netherlands East Indies, and China during the Japanese occupation, are still coming in large numbers to Latin America.

Catholic leaders protest this new massing of *evangelistas* as an attempt to "Christianize" countries already 90% Catholic, and quote the Protestant World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1910, which ruled that "countries predominantly Catholic are not legitimate fields for foreign missionary work." The Ameri-

can hierarchy and several Latin-American prelates have spoken out strongly. Protestant writers, like John Erskine and John W. White, have warned of Latin-American fears of Yankee political strategy to drive out the Catholic Church and put Protestantism in its place.

The Protestant campaign can cause a disastrous interreligious war in Mexico that could spread to South America. The alleged expulsion of 15 Protestant families from Chapatitla in San Luis Potosi, and the mobbing and killing of Protestant missionaries by Mexican Sinarquistas, caused Dr. Gonzalo Baez Camargo, Mexico City correspondent of the *Christian Century*, to warn against "a fierce campaign which aims at the complete extirpation of freedom of worship south of the Rio Grande." More recently, he reported that assailants hurled stones through the windows of Union church in Mexico City. Protestant journals reported other incidents, such as Catholics in Jalapa de Diaz, Oaxaca, "prodded by a priest," smashing the interior of an evangelical church and driving out the Protestants.

The Catholic Archbishop José Maria Gonzalez, warned against Protestantism's efforts "to spread its errors by means of tracts, leaflets, and handbills, and educational and other establishments." Catholics resented bitterly the distribution of 20,000 Bibles printed by the American Bible Society to the Army and police and fire departments; the attempt to convert Mexican laborers working in the U. S.; and Protestant radio propaganda.

Archbishop Luis Maria Martinez also issued a pastoral letter urging a Catholic campaign of prayer, faith, and instruction to counteract the Protestant propaganda. Subsequently, he advised Catholics to "limit themselves to condemning misguided efforts" and to "be guided by the spirit of charity toward our brothers outside the Catholic Church." In hundreds of small shops and on doors of homes throughout Mexico City were signs, reading: "This is a Catholic home. We reject Protestant propaganda." An unauthorized boycott was organized against the Palmolive Soap Company, La Muebleria Nueva, S. A., furniture manufacturers, the Radio Broadcasting Network, and other corporations said to be subsidizing Protestant missionary workers in the country.

Very soon afterward, the Mexico City daily, *Novedades*, reported that 300 Protestant *evangelistas* had attacked the Catholic priest from Pueblo Nuevo and tried to burn his church. This led to 1,000 armed Catholic workers massing to avenge the affronts. Only police and military intervention prevented a clash. Delegates assembled for the annual Methodist conference of central Mexico at Mexico City heard Methodist Bishop Eleazar Guerra declare, "We are suffering a tremendous persecution on the part of the Catholic Church."

To say that the Catholic Church is persecuting Protestants in Mexico is pure hyperbole. Attacks on Protestants, however deplorable, are isolated and generally inspired by such incidents as

Protestants distributing anti-Catholic tracts at the very doors of the Basilica de Guadalupe, Mexico's most revered Catholic shrine.

Although Archbishop Martinez in his pastoral called merely for a spiritual revival among Catholics to counteract Protestant influence, Protestant writers insisted on interpreting it as an incitement to violence. They are apparently fearful lest the outlawed but still active National Sinarchist Union might oppose their missionary plans. Sinarchism is a nonpolitical movement launched by three Catholic lawyers in 1937 for restoration of a Christian social order in Mexico. Though not an official Catholic organization, it won the approval of many Catholic leaders. Chief fear among some Catholic critics is that the movement may become fascist. So far, in doctrine and practice, it has hewed closely to its original blueprint. It has been condemned wholeheartedly by Protestants and charged with fomenting violence. A Catholic writer, Rafael Zubaran Capmany, protests that Sinarchists are not only being persecuted as a result of the government's prescription, but are subjected to "the rancors and appetites of rival religious sects."

Chief cause of Catholic resentment against Protestant missionaries is the implication that the Mexican needs to be "converted." When Dr. Speer spoke of Protestantism's "appeal to the rational nature of man," he impugned what the Protestant leaders describe as superstition and semipaganism, especially among the Indian population.

The misleading assumption is that Mexican Catholicism is solely a syncretism of Catholic doctrine and ancient pagan beliefs.

In spite of all their oversimplifications, Protestant missionaries, in 88 years of work, have won the allegiance of scarcely 500,000 of the country's 20 million population. But the question remains: Has Protestantism still a real chance to win Mexico? Or is there a spirit in Latin America antithetical to Protestant "culture"? Protestants conceded this in a study published by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America in 1930: "The question has been raised in high ecclesiastical circles whether Protestantism as such has any genius qualifying it for a ministry to Latin people." In his *Protestant Home Missions to Catholic Immigrants*, Theodore Abel, discussing Protestant proselytizing among the (then) 15 million Mexican, Italian, and other nationals in the U. S., described the accomplishments of 50 years as "insignificant." Said Mr. Abel: "Only one in 300 immigrants from Catholic countries is a member of a Protestant mission church. The vast mass of Catholic immigrants have remained uninfluenced." The English author, Evelyn St. John Waugh, a convert to the Catholic Church, on the basis of an extensive tour of Mexico, summed up the prospects of the Protestant sects as "slight" and the possibility of their ever founding a national evangelical church which could exist independently of American financial aid, "inconceivably remote."

But if the keystone nation of Latin America has proved barren soil for Protestant missionary work, it has been fertile for Protestant propagandists. Protestantism has the collaboration of communist and revolutionary elements, because it tends to divide the people and keep the Catholic Church on the defensive. While tolerance has been shown the Church under the Camacho regime, a Damoclean sword still hangs over its head in the Constitution of 1917, which, in addition to seizing all property and disenfranchising priests, forbids the clergy to direct or establish schools, or criticize the government. But from the beginning the Mexican Marxists did not enforce the law in the case of Protestant missions. In the days of "blood-drenched altars," several confiscated Catholic churches were turned over to Protestant missionaries and accepted without question. "It is a notorious fact," wrote Alfonso Junco in *El Universal* of Mexico City, "that Protestant propaganda, in times of ignoble and bloody persecution against Catholics, instead of sympathizing with the persecuted, gave public evidence of sympathy and admiration for the persecutors."

Another line of attack implicitly offensive to Mexican Catholics is that the Protestant churches must bring their "spiritual and cultural" influence to bear on Mexico's social problems. The Mexican wonders why the Protestant churches in the U. S. send missionaries into his country while 64 million in the U. S. belong to no church, and

where, in the economic field, much needs to be done for the one third of Americans described by the late President Roosevelt as "ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed." To the inducement that Protestantism offers a new charter for social development, most Mexicans retort that social-mindedness is not an exclusive Protestant nor Anglo-Saxon trait, but has been evident for centuries throughout the Catholic countries of Latin America; that social security, retirement-pension plans, maternity assistance, and other forms of social legislation were introduced long before our New Deal or the present outburst of American evangelistic zeal; that Latin Americans long ago stripped the Protestant missionary of the pretext of carrying the Gospel to a people who had lived it for four centuries.

Catholic groups in Mexico have been active in social reform as far back as 1909, when the Circle of Catholic Social Studies of St. Mary of Guadalupe strove for a Christian democracy. In 1912, the Catholic lawyer, Carlos A. Salas Lopez, projected advanced labor legislation and social tendencies were manifested by Catholic leaders long before communism attempted to exploit the Mexican proletariat. The one-time archpersecutor of the Church, Plutarco Elias Calles, ten years older and ten years wiser since he retired from public life, now asserts that Mexico's salvation is Catholicism.

Irked by criticism of their projects in Mexico and Latin America generally, Protestant propagandists have argued that Catholics proclaim freedom of re-

ligion when in the minority, but not when they become a majority.

Were the government in Mexico Catholic, with a true sense of Catholic values, it would have the right to protect the faith against Protestant attacks. But that would not involve the suppression nor persecution of Protestant sects. In all predominantly Catholic countries, non-Catholics have the same freedom of worship as Catholics. Examples are the early Catholic colony of Maryland and modern Eire, 93.4% Catholic, which scrupulously lives up to its constitution, declaring "freedom of conscience and the free profession and practice of religion are, subject to public order and morality, guaranteed to every citizen." In Latin-American countries where governments are Catholic, religious freedom is constitutionally provided. This is in sharp contrast to Northern Ireland, where the non-Catholic government slyly condones a veritable regime of terror against the Catholic minority. Associate Prof. Perry Gilbert E. Miller of Harvard university told the American Historical Association in Washington in 1934 that Protestantism contributed "nothing" to religious liberty in America.

There is the admission by Dr. Mark A. Dawber, the executive secretary of the Home Mission Council of North America, at the Federal Council of Churches conference in November, 1944: "The Catholic Church [in Latin America] is influencing public affairs and community patterns in a more vital and deliberate way than Protestantism. Protestantism is too divided

to influence the community on a national scale."

Fundamentally, the two greatest obstacles to Protestantism in Mexico are the faith of the people, strengthened rather than weakened by persecution and the restrictions still hampering its full expression; and the upsurge in Catholic Action, which has placed the Church in the forefront of all modern social reform. Many signs point to the Church's growing prestige despite anti-Catholic laws: the frequent holding of religious processions previously forbidden; the restoration of the name of Guadalupe Hidalgo to the ancient section of Mexico City which houses the famous national shrine and which liberal leaders had changed to Gustavo Madero, in honor of the great revolutionary; the large number of Catholic magazines and parish bulletins now appearing, making up to some degree for the shortage of priests; publicity given in the secular press to statements of the hierarchy; large congregations at services; and return to the faith of many former anticlericals. Meanwhile, the Archbishop of Mexico, popular public figure, stands at the head of a group of forward-looking Bishops committed to the broad program of educational, economic, and recreational work outlined by Pius XI in the encyclical *Nos Es Muy Conocido*, which said that the Church's divinely guided principles alone can and will "solve the grave social problems that trouble your country, as, for example, the agrarian problem, the reduction of the large estates, the betterment of the living

conditions of the workers and their families."

The need for social reform in Mexico which Protestants have so assiduously underscored is being met by a strong Catholic revival, especially in intellectual life, in increasing contributions by leading Catholic writers in both the secular and religious press; in numerous periodicals published by priests; and in the organization of *La Buena Prensa*, which publishes and distributes 18 periodicals, as well as books and pamphlets that spiritually nourish millions of Catholics. In political and social activities, Mexican Catholics show to equal advantage. In 1939, Accion Nacional was inaugurated by Manuel Gomez Morin. The party is not officially endorsed by the Church, but its leaders are well grounded in the Church's social doctrines, and seek primarily to bring about an administrative house cleaning, working quite openly and within the law. The National Sinarchist Union, emphasizing Christian democracy, is largely concerned with reconstructing Mexican agriculture and combatting exploitation of workers by leftist demagogues. Antedating these groups and based upon the directives of Pope Pius XI in the encyclical *Acerba Animi*, is Catholic Action, officially launched by the hierarchy on Christmas eve of 1929, with four basic organizations and 400,000 members.

The needs of Mexico are many. She needs scientific agriculture, equitable land distribution, irrigation, village industries, higher wages for workers.

She needs more hospitals, clinics, nurseries, schools. Those needs challenge the zeal of Mexico's Catholic Actionists in the name of social justice. Inevitably, there must be a rivalry in good deeds between Protestants and Catholics in Mexico. Said one Mexican Catholic: "Protestantism is entering Mexico with the dollar, and we have to hold it back with the peso."

There is no spirit of hatred or persecution in these words. They represent merely the reaction of intelligent Catholics to a threat to the soul of Mexico. There is little that Mexico can afford to lose: certainly not the faith, her birthright. The U. S. has already taken much from her: Texas by force of arms; California and New Mexico by a more or less forced sale that netted Mexico a mere bagatelle. Is the Indian

to lose, in addition to most of his more fertile and arable land, the churches he built, the shrines that dot his mountains and valleys? Are Protestant missionaries determined that he denude his altars, abolish the crucifix, close the confessional, and accept, instead of the Mass, with its rich spiritual treasures, the cold austerity of the prayer meeting? Is the Mexican to exchange the calm, assuring authority of Catholicism, with its fixed, unchanging creed and certainty of truth, for the authority of a Bible each man must interpret to suit himself? That, essentially, is the meaning of the Protestant incursion beyond the Rio Grande. Neither time, persecution, nor all the forces of liberalism or atheism have been able to annihilate Mexico's Catholic spirit. The Protestant mission is doomed.

## Where All Is Co-op

Condensed from the *Cooperator*\*

Men at work together

The thought arises, as you wind along the tree-shaded road, glimpsing white, flat-roofed homes: "Boy, Oh boy! what a killing the profiteers could have made"—but didn't. For the very good reason that the services of Greenbelt, Md. (population, 7,500) are owned lock, stock and beauty parlor by a cooperative, a business owned entirely by the people of the community, serv-

icing needs from meats to manicures, with a total volume of more than \$1 million a year.

Greenbelt was the first and most successful of planned communities. In the old days, as in Alaska or the Far West, there would have been a scramble, a clutter of shacks, a tangle of streets, everyone at the mercy of the first merchant to grab a holding. (Study prices

\*44 W. 143rd St., New York City, 30. Sept. 17, 1945.

in almost any isolated community today; the law of the fang and the jungle still survive.) But Greenbelt started and continued differently.

The government, which bought and owns the land 13 miles out of Washington, thought in terms of families of employees with incomes under \$2,500. On worn-out Maryland farm land, 885 homes, all with the same modern facilities but varying slightly to avoid monotony, were planned and built among the trees. There was a community center with stores, fire and police stations, elementary school, nursery school and child-care center, swimming pool, tennis courts, auditorium and administrative offices. Who should run the stores?

At this point, Consumer Distribution Corp. stepped forward. This was an organization endowed by the late Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant, who saw in cooperation a means of preventing the need for charity. CDC had been generally an advisory organization. Here was a unique opportunity to prove how quickly consumers can take over their own businesses.

When the first Greenbelt families came, in the winter of 1937, they found the stores set up under rather unusual terms. Greenbelt Consumer Services, Inc., was capitalized at \$50,000 and owned by CDC. It held the lease to the stores on a nonprofit basis, and GCS was offered to the residents if they chose to take over the organization and run it as a cooperative.

Here was an instance in which an organization tried to get rid of a "good thing." Under other than cooperative

auspices, a handsome profit could have been made year after year. But CDC called together meetings of residents, undertook educational work to prove how advantageous it is for people to do things for themselves. By the end of 1939, about 500 citizens had set aside \$4,000 as initial payment.

One of the first steps was to apply for membership in Eastern Cooperative League and Wholesale. Within four and one-half years after organizing their co-op, the community has paid off its debt of \$50,000.

During its first year of operation, the Greenbelt co-op operated a food store, drugstore, service station, valet shop, movie, barbershop, and beauty shop. By the end of 1940 it opened a garage. Early in 1941 the variety store was opened; the tobacco store in 1942.

What have the residents gotten out of it?

First, a community of interest. It was the first project on which families from many parts of the country could get together. Where other communities "make" interest for themselves in clubs and activities that seem wan and sickly because of their far removal from life, Greenbelters had the very real problems of bread and butter, clothing, and other needs. Although Greenbelt today is buzzing with all kinds of social get-togethers, the core and substance is still the co-op.

Second, quality protection. As part owners in ECW, Greenbelt derives the same advantages as other co-op stores in the quality supervision of the New York co-op testing kitchen and the

careful buying of the wholesale's purchasing department.

Third, cash savings. This is tremendously important in isolated communities where the consumer is usually the helpless victim of whatever the "traffic will bear." Because those stores are owned by consumers themselves, comparative shopping tests are constantly being made in other areas to make sure that Greenbelt's are in line. Over \$40,000 has been returned to the members in patronage refunds in four years.

The community's ability to live and work together was proved with the war. Commercial accommodations intended for 885 families were called upon to care for 1,885 families. The capacity of the stores was strained to the utmost all the time that manpower was falling off. The growing mountain of shoes in the repair shop spoke eloquently. But the cooperative services somehow met every need and crisis. Even the local newspaper, *Greenbelt Cooperator*, in spite of the frequent changes in its all-volunteer staff, continued to appear weekly.

A nice problem arises in connection with home ownership. The original dwellings were built under the Farm Security Administration and both land and homes, rented to residents, belong to the government. The dwellings, under the Lanham Act, must be sold two years after the war ends. What will be done about the land on which they were built? What will be the effect on cooperative enterprises and the spirit of the community if unfriendly private interests come in? Such situations are

incentives for initiating wide-scale cooperative housing, one of the larger projects contemplated by the Eastern Cooperative League.

The strain is lifting now. A few houses would benefit by a little freshening up with white paint. But the community is healthy, prosperous, forward looking. You can hear of a lot of minor wants if you take a walk with the general manager, Sam Ashelman. Every couple of hundred feet he will be called upon to give, or take, advice, ranging from cures for poison ivy to what constitutes a bang-up haircut. But skies are blue, and water gleams in the green-tiled swimming pool. Splashes and yells, and the creak of swings in the near-by playground attest to the healthy youthfulness of a community where all is well in work, play, and sharing. Much must still be done.

Among new projects discussed is a bus service; a new food store to cover at least 5,000 square feet; an enlarged gasoline station; a laundry service based on family bundles at pound rates; and a bakery, as soon as sugar and equipment are released. Above all propositions is the need for continuing educational effort.

The board voted to allow travel costs and salary for one of its employees to spend six to nine months working in a member society of the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale in exchange for one of their employees at Consumer Services in Greenbelt. This is to give employees a broader vision and to help international understanding among co-operatives.

# Labor Answers the GI

Only one solution

By STANLEY FRANK

Condensed from *Collier's*\*

Charley, a combat rifleman, swings down the gangplank. He's home again, back in the States, and it's wonderful. Some clowns are kissing the dock, but he just stands there with a silly grin on his pan, eating ice cream, hearing swing music.

An old joker with a press card stuck in his hat begins to ask Charley dumb questions. Charley feels so good he answers idly, looking at the girls. The reporter casually asks whether Charley has any particular message for civilians. The old bitterness grabs Charley by the throat.

"Yeah, you can tell those lousy war workers to keep out of my way," he rasps. "Those bums were making about 150 bucks a week and they quit any time they liked, but if I went back to the QM for another pair of socks I could've been shot as a deserter."

"You've got the wrong slant on war workers," the reporter insists patiently. "They haven't had it so easy."

"Was it as bad as getting killed?"

The reporter has no answer to that one; no one ever has or ever will. Organized labor must offer more than pious eye-rolling and high-powered oratory before it will square itself to Charley and several million more GIs whose violent antilabor attitude is the most dangerous conviction they are bringing back.

"There is no question in my mind that some servicemen, perhaps even a substantial number, have a hostile attitude toward labor unions," Philip Murray, CIO president, declares. "Many have a similar attitude toward other American institutions, but there is evidence of more feeling against unions than other groups. Why? Labor cannot get its story presented fairly and properly, hence servicemen have suffered a barrage of distortion against strikes, allegedly exorbitant wages, and absenteeism. Men who have been discharged are discovering they don't get high wages and easy jobs, but that life at home involves many personal and family problems."

"Yeah, things are tough all over," Charley will say in a voice muscle-bound with irony, and again there is a deafening silence.

Labor does not emphasize the point that the discharged soldier will share in all the benefits workers at home are fighting for now. It would be a waste of time anyway. Charley has no interest in anything that does not contribute to his immediate welfare; logic has little appeal to a man whose life has hung on the caprice of bursting shells. Charley wants a job now, with a decent wage and reasonable security.

Charley is convinced that all war workers were earning \$150 a week,

\*250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. Oct. 13, 1945.

every week. This fanciful gossip was repeated so often that it is gospel in all branches of the service. He's going to hit the roof, or somebody on the nose, if he is offered \$45 a week. At that, he'll be doing better than most persons in the labor market, even if he does not believe it. The War Labor Board says there were 14 million war workers averaging 70¢ an hour in March, 1945.

Official WLB statistics can show Charley that wartime wages increased 19.7% against a 29.4% rise in cost of living. He can learn from the same source that the average hourly wage of war workers in January, 1941, was 66¢ an hour, but in October, 1944, it was 61¢ in terms of the price index, or purchasing power of the dollar.

While reports of strikes were making Charley choke with indignation, he was also choking on dust kicked up by a prodigious stream of rolling equipment. American war production was stupendous; he saw it at every turn in the weight and superiority of the stuff he threw at the enemy. It must have been obvious that not everyone at home was loafing or living on the fat of the land's black markets. Yet Charley still has an idea that a strike was called every time a dizzy dame was addressed harshly by the foreman for wearing a cozy red sweater.

The Department of Labor can give him the right pitch on this. Actually, only one-tenth of 1% of working time was lost in 1944 as a result of walkouts. This reduced by a third the time lost by strikes in 1943. Generals Marshall,

Eisenhower, and Arnold have all paid public tribute to the unparalleled production of American war workers. The total time lost by work stoppages was so insignificant that the Associated Press was able to report on July 5, 1945: "Time lost in all the strikes since Pearl Harbor was virtually offset yesterday by millions of workers who observed Independence day by laboring at their machines and benches."

Charley and several million other guys were based in England, and they are convinced the British knew there was a war going on, if you will pardon the expression. England's loss in working hours by strikes was 16% higher than the U. S. The British have a compulsory labor law, and the war was brought to their doorsteps by bombings and V weapons, but their incidence of strikes in 1944 was highest in 12 years.

When labor is able to present its case and speak the language the boys understand, their attitude changes visibly. Jim Carey, the slim, vigorous CIO secretary-treasurer, recently addressed wounded combat soldiers at Walter Reed hospital in Washington, unaware that a gag had been framed on him. The lieutenant who introduced Carey blasted unions, and when he rose to speak, Carey was greeted with raucous, vulgar noises. Never a gent to duck a challenge, Carey took off his coat, and a slip of paper dropped to the floor.

"Here's the list of times I've been pinched," Carey began, brandishing the paper aloft. "Not only have I been pinched, but I've been beaten up plenty

of times. I don't propose to compare my fighting with what you've been through, but this much is true: You were fighting for this country and so was I. Are there any questions?"

There were, of course. A GI popped the inevitable query "What about those strikes while we were in the line?"

"There are all kinds of people in unions, just as there are in the Army," Carey snapped. "The Army, with all its discipline, is unable to control every individual soldier. Unions are democratic organizations without military discipline. Just what would the public think of the Army if the only stuff that got into the papers was about the men thrown into the guardhouse? All you hear about are the relatively few union people who become involved in strikes, and even then you aren't told the cause. Those who have a financial stake in discrediting labor never tell you of the enormous productivity of war workers who have given you fellows the tools you've used so courageously."

There wasn't a cold hand in the house when Carey finished.

It is strange how viewpoints change. There is the typical case of Dominick J. Garafalo, former private in the 5th Marine Detachment of the famous 1st Division. Garafalo was 18 when he enlisted in February, 1941. He is entitled to wear four campaign stars, a Presidential Unit Citation and the Purple Heart on his old uniform.

A machine gunner, Garafalo was bayoneted in the first assault wave on Guadalcanal. He was blown out of his trench by a 500-pound bomb and suf-

fered severe shock. En route to Australia, his ship was torpedoed, and he was in the water four hours before rescue. After his discharge in June, 1943, he got a job with the Brown-Lipe-Chapin Company, at Syracuse, and joined Local 854 of the UAW. He was not a union member before he was inducted.

"I was as browned off about strikes and unions as anybody in the South Pacific," Garafalo says. "I thought war workers were selling out guys like me until I got back home and saw the other side of the picture. Workers have to protect their own and the rights of servicemen, and going on strike is the only out they have when everything else fails. Unions are trying to secure better wages and working conditions. That's what all the guys overseas want. What's the use of fighting the war if they can't get them when they come back?"

Discharged servicemen usually are the most militant crusaders for union rights when they discover those \$150-a-week jobs existed only in febrile imaginations. One of the most ticklish within-the-family problems unions have to contend with is the direct-action boys who learned to take care of themselves in the Army and are impatient with such truck as conciliation and mediation when they get back on a civilian job.

Fully aware that it must prove the sincerity of its intentions to embittered GIs, labor has had in the works for more than two years a five-point program for their economic rehabilitation.

Briefly, labor's purpose is to protect all the rights and privileges a man would have enjoyed had he remained employed continuously during the war. Organized labor gives veterans:

1. Seniority dating from their induction into the armed forces, whether or not they were union members before the war. A kid who went directly from high school into the Navy, for example, and still is in uniform, is accumulating seniority, now.

2. Plant-wide seniority to disabled men. The veteran who has suffered a war-connected injury that leaves him with a permanent handicap is given preference to any job he can fill satisfactorily, not just his old job.

3. The right to assume a wife's seniority if it is greater than the serviceman's.

4. Waiver of all initiation fees, which are considerable in the highly skilled crafts.

5. Free training and refresher courses in the new techniques that have been developed in his absence and the establishment of committees in every union to help the returning soldier get back his old job or a better one.

Labor endeavors to meet veterans' demands at all stages from demobilization to eventual employment. Union representatives are on hand at all large veterans' information centers to advise discharged men on the local labor market, direct them to jobs, and make certain they receive the prevailing wage scale and that their seniority rights are observed.

Seniority, which the late President Roosevelt called "an institution in American industry," is the worker's only legal protection against an employer who doesn't like the color of his hair, and, more important, against other workers. As long as seniority rights are observed by industry and labor, and there is equal responsibility on both parties, there can be no ruinous, cutthroat competition that will force a worker to underbid another man's wages to find a job in a tight market.

In making an elastic definition of seniority for veterans, labor is merely playing ball with the law of the land. Section 8-B of the Selective Service Act of 1940 states: "A private employer shall restore such person [honorably discharged serviceman] to such position or to a position of like seniority, status, and pay, unless the employer's circumstances have so changed as to make it impossible or unreasonable to do so."

Charley reads all this pretty critically, and it appears to be fair enough. But suddenly, Charley frowns; he's no dope. "What happens to me if all the good jobs are snapped up by the time they let me out of this monkey suit?" he asks. "I read in *Stars and Stripes* where somebody, I think it was Barney Baruch, said America is going to have all kinds of booms and prosperity for at least seven years after the war. If that's true, I won't need any help from unions. I'll find a job myself.

"But suppose Baruch is wrong? What's the score for me if there aren't

enough jobs to go around? The 4Fs and the old jokers and the guys who got out of the Army early because they had housemaid's knee, those creeps will have all the jobs tied up. Will the union kick out somebody who took care of himself pretty good while I was knocking my brains out, to make a place for me?"

That touches off the most controversial issue in the recent history of labor relations. Charley's question is wrapped up in a new word in the language, superseniority. You'll be hearing it kicked around with increasing fervor, and unless Charley and all of us give it a lot of clear, objective thinking, it can disrupt the entire rehabilitation program.

Superseniority means that a veteran who left employment to join the armed forces has the right to take a nonveteran's job if none other is open to him. Advocated by the American Legion, this war-born idea has been supported by Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, in his highly explosive Local Board Memorandum 190-A, which interprets Section 8-B thus: "A returning veteran is entitled to reinstatement in his former position or one of like seniority, status, and pay even though such reinstatement necessitates the discharge of a nonveteran with greater seniority."

Hershey insists intent of the law is to set servicemen apart as a class which contributed more to the war and sacrificed more for it than any other group. Labor argues that Hershey's ruling can lead only to artificial class distinc-

tions that will result ultimately in economic warfare and social tensions that will split the country.

There is a gimmick in labor's application of seniority accumulated in service that will drive Charley wild when he encounters it. Such seniority does not count until Charley is employed. In blunt words, he cannot use these credits to establish his right to a job. It was this ticklish issue that impelled the Veterans of Foreign Wars, which had gone down the line with union policy, to announce an open break with organized labor on Aug. 30.

Labor takes the position that there is absolutely nothing in the Selective Service Act or the GI Bill of Rights which purports to give a veteran benefits or advantages he would not have enjoyed in the normal course of events had he retained his civilian status. The Disabled American Veterans support labor's stand.

Conceding that the nation never can fully repay the veteran for his sacrifices, labor maintains that the cost of restoring him to his place in competitive society must be shared by the nation as a whole. Extending superseniority to all trades and professions, labor whips up a pointed analogy: No one yet has suggested that a veteran can put the finger on any store or farm and appropriate it in return for his military service. Similarly, a doctor who served in the Medical Corps cannot usurp the practice built up by a man who did not go to war.

"Why pick on us?" labor asks. Under conditions of modern total war,

all people make contributions and sacrifices in a manner determined largely for, not by, them. We performed the task required of us, labor says, by turning out the material necessary to win the war. It was a job just as vital as the farmer's, the merchant's and the professional man's. Our people gave more than \$200 million to Red Cross and USO appeals. They donated blood and volunteered on all sorts of drives, like all other good Americans. If you want to give veterans special concessions, swell, but spread the cost equally among all civilians.

Labor hoped the issue could be resolved without resorting to court action, but a decision in Brooklyn Federal Court forced the fight into the open on Aug. 31.

Judge Matthew T. Abruzzo ruled that a veteran was entitled to the job he held before entering the service even though it meant dismissal of a worker with greater seniority. The decision was made in the case of Fishgold v. the Sullivan Dry Dock and Repair Corp., when Abraham Fishgold was laid off and saw his welding job given to a nonveteran at the union's insistence. Selective Service challenged in court the union's decision and won the ruling it sought after a long hearing.

"Congress intended that during the one-year period of re-employment," Abruzzo declared, "the veteran is entitled to work on any day there is work to be given, and no nonveteran shall do that work when any such work can be done by a veteran."

A CIO affiliate, the Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, immediately announced it would appeal the decision in Supreme Court.

The case intensified nation-wide demands upon Congress for clarification of the issue, with industrial management, caught in the middle, yelling frantically for plain, straightforward action, and no double talk. Significantly, the majority of heavy thinkers on the subject expressed the uneasy opinion that Judge Abruzzo had gone off the deep end.

"There's trouble ahead if the courts continue to hand down such interpretations," James W. Cannon, of the VFW, said. "Talk to the boys themselves and you'll find they don't want such special privileges. All they want is something fair and equitable. They don't want to hold jobs while persons with long experience, possibly including first World War veterans, are laid off. We want a fair break, sure. But nothing unreasonable."

Now Charley, still standing on the sidelines, has a crooked, cynical smile on his face that is not pleasant to see. It is a stab at your conscience; you can hear him saying to himself: "You've had it, sucker. You might've known this is the way it would wind up."

You ask Charley what he's going to do. He shakes his head. "It beats me, Mac. All I know is that I and the guys with wives and kids can't go hungry. You got any bright ideas?"

June one. It's the same old answer, the only solution to all economic post-war problems: full employment.

# Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Casey, Robert J. **THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN.** *New York: Bobbs-Merrill. 307 pp. \$3.* Top-notch book on the Second World War, by an ace reporter who covered both World Wars. Vivid, heart-warming, comprehensive.

Farren, Robert. **RIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE.** *New York: Sheed & Ward. 110 pp. \$2.* Poetry unusual for its sureness of line and idea. Slight topics take on humor and significance in *The Common Cold, The Friar's Boots, Sleep,* and *Seven Views on Biography.*

Freyre, Gilberto. **BRAZIL: AN INTERPRETATION.** *New York: Knopf. 179 pp. \$2.* Broad sketch of economic, racial, geographic factors that have forged the spirit of the largest nation in our hemisphere.

Gable, Sister Mariella, O.S.B. **OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.** *New York: Sheed & Ward. 341 pp. \$3.* Short stories that are Catholic, from Tolstoy to Chesterton, J. F. Powers, Brendan Gill, Harry Sylvester, and more.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila. **KITCHEN FUGUE.** *New York: Harpers. 213 pp. \$2.75.* In and out of the kitchen in wartime England. Result: the author certifies some recipes.

**LIBER PSALMORUM CUM CANTICIS BREVIARIUM ROMANI.** [*The Psalms: New Latin Edition.*] *Novi Eboraci: Benziger. 347 pp. \$2.50.* After using for 1500 years a revision made by St. Jerome, the Vatican has just authorized for Breviary use this new Latin version of the Book of Psalms made from the best-known Hebrew texts. A publishing event for the most-read piece of literature in the history of Western culture.

Moulton, Forest Ray, & Schifferes, Justus J., editors. **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SCIENCE.** *Garden City: Doubleday, Doran. 666 pp. \$4.* "Anthology of the key passages from the master-works of all sciences," arranged in chronological sequence. For the general reader.

Speltz, George H. **THE IMPORTANCE OF RURAL LIFE ACCORDING TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.** *Washington, D. C.: Catholic University of America Press. 184 pp. \$2.* Medieval world in which St. Thomas lived was predominantly agricultural. His economic principles are here shown to cover the main problems of rural society of our own time as well as his own.

Vann, Gerald, O.P. **THE HEART OF MAN.** *New York: Longmans. 182 pp. \$2.* Problems of our modern world will be solved only when man reconciles them with the Infinite.

Windeatt, Mary Fabian. **THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA.** *St. Meinrad, Ind.: Grail Press. 144 pp. Illus. \$2.* Delightfully told story of our Lady's apparitions in Portugal.

Yu-Pin, ✕ Paul. **EYES EAST.** *Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. 181 pp. \$2.* The prospect of a new life for immense, ancient China. Economic help and political stability are needed, but Bishop Yu-Pin holds these to be worth little if Americans cannot send teachers and exemplars to satisfy China's need and desire for Christianity.